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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR IN THIS NUMBER

Who Was the First Pope of Rome?
(A Continuation of the Roman Catholic Series)

What Brought About the Dark Ages in Europe?
(A Study of the Results of the Union of Church and State, in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times)

Indictment Against Thos. E. Watson, and Comments Thereon

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Deathless Spring

John Joseph Scott

The soft virgin wold is a scene of gold
  And the air is crisp and rare;
The call of the wild, the lisp of a child,
  Comes out of the stillness clear;
And over bright dales the sweetest of tales
  Are heard as the song birds wing
Their flight to the trees, caressed by the breeze,
  Lilting their songs of the Spring.

Fair shimmering nooks, betrothed to the brooks,
  Smile sweetly up through the dew,
While over yon hills the fragrant jonquills
  Nod to the heavens so blue;
And even rough seas seem rocking to ease
  The waves with a rhythmic swing,
As scorning to roar they answer the shore,
  Crooning a song of the Spring.

Like far-a-way skies the blue of your eyes
  Brings peace to the one who dreams,
While the fleck of gold that your tresses hold
  Still shames every sun that beams;
Along the old way that we walked that day
  Ah, yet do I trip and sing—
For you are the goal of my heart and soul
  And Love is a deathless Spring!

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Who Was the First Pope?

(A Continuation of the History of the Popes and the Papacy)

IT was Christ who distinctly recognized the supremacy of The State, in earthly affairs, and who not only paid money-tribute to those earthly powers, but enjoined upon His followers to render unto Cæsar those things that were Cæsar's.

The word "Cæsar" meant The State, the Empire, *the reign of MAN over MEN.*

All human government comes to just that. Whether the head of it be a hereditary monarch, or an elected town mayor, the government itself is, the rule of *man* over men.

As with a flaming sword from on high, Jesus Christ drew the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual sphere. During the whole of His ministry, not one word did He utter against the constituted authorities of The State.

"My Kingdom is not of this world," was not only the the motto, the warning of *His* teaching, but continued to be that of His disciples—continued for a thousand years.

When the blood relatives of the crucified Christ were questioned by a Roman emperor several generations after The Event, those simple men answered, as Christ had done, that His Kingdom was spiritual, heavenly, not of this world.

We not only see Christ avoid all conflict with the powers of The State, but see Him submit to imperial authority. He not only preached obedience, but practised it. So scrupulous was His keeping of the Jewish law that He left behind Him, for His disciples to settle, the great question, *Can Judaism and Christianity be reconciled to each other?*

With grief and bitterness, the Master spoke of the Judas who would betray Him, but He did not say a word against *the jurisdiction* of the Courts that were to try and condemn Him. Before Pilate, he was practically dumb. He did not question the Jewish law, or the Roman authority. He did not claim privilege, or exemption. He did not even rail against the cruel sentence, or ask any delay or demand any appeal.

His mission on earth was TO OBEY THE LAW, not to defy it, claim superiority to it, exemption from it, *or the right to make it.*

Jesus Christ meekly paid His taxes, and told others to do so: He obeyed "the secular arm," and told others to do so.

What a weakling of a Pope He would have been, to be sure!

Search the Scriptures, search them diligently, and you will find that in temporal concerns Christ was a strict *conformist.* So were His earthly parents. So were His brothers and sisters. They were circumcised Jews; and they ate, drank, dressed and worked as other circumcised Israelites, with never a thought of revolutionizing *The State.*

Search the Scriptures, search them diligently, and you will find no hint

that Christ and His disciples wanted a union of the spiritual and the temporal authority. Nowhere in the four Gospels, nowhere in the Acts, nowhere in the Letters, can anyone discover the faintest trace of theocracy, of sacerdotalism, of religious control of the worldly administration of human affairs.

Is it not so?

Let Romanist scholars show us to the contrary, if they can.

* * * * *

Who was the first priest to set up as a Pope?

The question should not be hard to answer. The human race has always had a fondness for keeping records. Those nations that lived along the Great White Way of history survive still, in the carefully kept annals which escaped fire and flood, chance and change.

We not only know the general outline of world events, but we can fill in most of the details. We can not only trace to remote ages the pedigrees of Arabian horses, but we can dig the Pharaohs out of dusty pyramids, and fish out of Lethe's muddy stream the most negligible of Assyrian despots. We know the face of Alexander the Great, for his coins have come down to us: we are familiar with the features of Babylonian monarchs, of the Ptolemys, of Pericles and Aspasia, of Pompey the Great, of Antony, of Julius Cæsar, of Cleopatra, of Augustus Cæsar, of Tiberius, of every Roman ruler of the early Christian era.

Surely, then, we ought to know *who was the first Pope*—the first mortal man who arrogated to himself the right to reign over the whole universe, to dispose of thrones and peoples, to put door-keepers at the entrance to Heaven and to Hell; to issue tickets to Paradise, or to Purgatory; to be above all Law, and *the source* of all Law; to be superior to all earthly authority, *and the source* of all earthly honor and dominion—to be, in short, *GOD ON EARTH.*

Surely, such a portentious power must have had a definite beginning: *When* did it begin?

Surely, the painstaking historians who tell us when Mt. Vesuvius overwhelmed Pompeii, when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, when Alexander fired Persepolis, when Tiberius withdrew to Capri, when Nero went to Athens, when Xerxes invaded Greece, when the geese gave the alarm to ancient Rome, when Hannibal crossed the Alps, *should* have told us of the existence of this *God on earth*, as soon as he became enthroned?

When do we first hear of this inflated biped who calls himself *God on earth?*

When do we first find trace of this monstrous *new power*, which is infinitely greater than all other powers?

We know the year and the month and the day of the advent of *other* new powers. We know when Cyrus overthrew the Persian monarchy, and when he captured Babylon. We know when Rurik began his career in Russia. We know when Crassus perished in the sands of the Eastern desert. We know when Scipio overcame Hannibal. We know when Cæsar conquered Gaul and invaded Britain. We know when Augustus overcame Antony, and when Constatine rose to world-empire. We know when new Kings established themselves in Egypt, and when the Hebrews were carried off into captivity.

Why is it that profane history failed to recognize *at once*, so prodigious a phenomenon as the advent of *God on earth?*

Earthquakes were duly noted: eclipses were foretold and described; wars and changes in dynasties filled the records; the appearance of comets of new and strange diseases were mentioned, *but no historian, sacred or profane, knew a thing of the existence of an over-lord to all the world, A GOD*

ON EARTH, until Herod, Pilate, Peter, Paul and Tiberius had been DUST FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

* * * * *

The New Testament has already been appealed to: it negatives, most emphatically, the very conception of a Prince of the Apostles—a vice-regent of Christ on earth. It negatives the very idea of theocracy of sacerdotalism, of earthly pardon of sins *by man.*

Turn, then, to The Fathers, and where can Popery be found? It isn't there.

Eusebius says not a single word about the papal monarchy, although he undertakes to give minute information concerning the early church.

Neither does Cyril, or Augustine mention a universal bishop, a supreme head of Christianity, a vice-regent of God on earth.

As the learned Dr. Barrow says, "It is a matter of amazement, *if the pope were such as they would have him to be*, that in so many bulky volumes of ancient fathers, *living through so many ages after Christ*, * * * this momentous point of doctrine and practice should nowhere be expressed in clear and peremptory terms."

Dr. Barrow proceeds to remark upon the wide range of subjects discussed in the bulky volumes of these ancient Fathers of the church. He calls these bulky volumes "vast treasuries of learning and knowledge, wherein all sorts of truth are displayed, all sorts of duty pressed," and he asks *why nothing is said about the Pope.*

"It is strange," says Dr. Barrow, "that somehow or other, at least incidentally, in their commentaries upon the Scripture, wherein many places concerning the church and its hierarchy *do invite to speak of the pope;* in their treatises about the priesthood, about the unity and peace of the church, about heresy and schism; in their epistles about ecclesiastical affairs; in their historical narrations about occurrences in the church; in their concertations (debates) with heterdox adversaries, they should not frequently touch it, *they should not sometimes largely dwell on it.*"

Who can answer this? As Dr. Barrow says, the early Fathers wrote voluminously upon all church matters, without ever telling mankind that Christ was on earth in the person of His vice-roy, the Pope!

These Fathers wrote about the priesthood, but they had not a word to say about the Chief priest, His Holiness, the Pope of Rome.

These Fathers narrated the historic occurrences in the church; but the most profoundly important occurrence of all they omitted: they did not tell the world that Peter had been Pope of Rome for twenty-five years had had established there the See of the vicegerent of Christ.

These Fathers wasted oceans of ink on disputed points of creed and practice, without ever letting fall a single hint that the Christian church had an infallible head, whose word hushed all dispute and buried every doubt.

What is the only possible explanation?

That the Primitive Church and the early Fathers had no conception of a universal bishop—that the Pope and his system was the product of an evolutionary process which took place in after ages.

In the apostolic canons for 300 years after Christ, there is no reference to any primacy of Peter, nor of any headship derived from him.

These canons recognize the primate of each province as the highest ecclesiastical power therein: accused bishops are to be tried by their colleagues; and doctrinal controversies are to be settled by episcopal synods.

There is absolutely no appeal to Rome. So far as these canons afford evidence, there wasn't even a claim of

supremacy put forward by the bishop of that city.

The same thing is true of the apostolical constitutions, collected in the third century.

These constitutions describe the state of the church, *its laws, customs and practices* current in the times of those who compiled these constitutions *in which the ranks, duties and privileges of all ecclesiastical persons are declared;* and yet not one word is said about the papacy, about the Papa, about the vice-roy of Christ!

* * * * *

More than 300 years after Christ, the desperate chances of civil war impelled Constantine to favor the Christians—his rival for the throne having forestalled him in propitiating the pagan deities. (See *The Manual of Church History*, by A. H. Newman, Published, 1904, by The American Baptist Pub. Society.)

Dr. Newman says:

"As the Roman emperor was Pontifex Maximus of the pagan State religion, he would naturally assume the same relation to Christianity when it became predominant. *This headship*, the gratitude of the Christians readily accorded."

With Constantine as Pope of the pagan State religion, and also as Pope of the Christians, where *was* there any room for the Roman Papa, of far off abandoned Italy?

Constantine, at his new Rome, (Constantinople,) summoned councils, presided in his golden chair, exercised his imperial headship to unify wrangling sects, and offered liberal rewards in cash and clothing, to all who would embrace Christianity. Constantine, without being a member of the Christian church, exercised the same *headship* over the new religion as he did over the old.

Where, *where* was the vice-roy of God? Where was the *INFALLIBLE ONE*, of the Tiber and old Rome?

Constantine knew him not: the church knew him not: the Father's knew him not: Peter, Paul, Barnabas, James and John knew him not.

Other decades will come and go: the Roman empire will be rent asunder; and, at length, we will see a most depraved successor to the imperial purple recognize *Boniface*, Bishop of Rome, as the Pope.

The date will be 606, three hundred years *after* the collecting of the canons and the constitutions; 300 years *after* the most trustworthy Father's, and 300 years *after* Constantine the Great had acted, *and been obeyed*, as the supreme head of the Christian church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Dark and Middle Ages in Europe

WITH the union of Church and State under the monster, Constatine the Great—the cold-blooded murderer of his own wife, his own son, and his nephews—began the dying away of pure Christianity. Under Gratian and Theodosius, the fatal work was consummated.

Imperial example and precept commanded the Pagan world to embrace Christianity; and the Pagan world obeyed—carrying paganism along with it. The individual can undergo a change of heart, can be converted from sin to repentance and to a new life, but nation's cannot be thus instantaneously transformed. National beliefs, national customs and national superstitions cannot be destroyed by imperial decree. Even a Peter the Great had to capture each Boyard and apply the shears to said protesting Muscovite in order to rid Russia of the outlandishly long beards.

Paganism having been ordered into the Christian church *went*, forthwith, but lost little or no baggage in changing cars.

Paganism had long been accustomed to a Pope and to a College of Cardinals: the Christian church soon grafted on to itself a similar Pontifex and a similar Sacred College.

Paganism had believed in demi-gods, in statues that worked miracles, in sacrifices which washed away sins, in holy water, in processions, in many altars, in the burning of incense, in sacred places, in purgatory, in a Virgin who was the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of the gods.

The Christian church, swarming with Pagans, imported all of this pagan paraphernalia, together with the adoration of images, and *the celibacy which concentrated priestly obedience on the Pope.*

In short, the simplicity of the Primitive Church of Christ disappeared, completely, from *the Roman* Catholic church, to which it never *has* returned, and never *will* return.

* * * * *

The Bishops of Rome having secured from *the Emperors*, the recognition of their supremacy over other Bishops, and having advanced the bishopric to a Papacy, stretched forth a sceptre of *Universal Dominion.*

Being God's viceroys on earth, Popes could dispose of crowns and peoples, could dethrone and enthrone monarchs, could divide between rival claimants the Old World and the New, could carry in their hands life and death, on *earth, in heaven and in hell.*

Where the Papa frowned, there was excommunication, ostracism, unmerciful persecution, excruciating torture, and miserable death, to be followed by the eternal, unutterable horrors of hell.

Kings were "educated" in this frightful "faith," and believed it—hence the King held the Pope's stirrup when he mounted his mule, and kissed the Pope's foot when he conferred a crown.

The learned men were "educated" in this monstrous faith and believed it—hence the scholar of the Dark Ages wrote fables and wonders which a child of common sense, and *mental freedom*, would laugh at, as he laughs at Mother Goose, Mother Hubbard, and Jack the Giant-Killer.

Scientists had to choose between concealment and the ferocity of ignorant religious fanaticism. Those who knew more than the sottish Popes and priests, did well to lock their dangerous knowledge within their own breasts. Those were the times when it was most disastrous to "drink deep of the Pierian Spring": those were the times when "a little knowledge" was "a dangerous thing," because it were safest to have none at all.

"Who can say positively why the Spanish nation, so dominant at one time, has been distanced in the race? The awakening of the nations of Europe from the Dark Ages is a still more perplexing problem. At this early period, as Mr. Galton has remarked, almost all the men of a gentle nature, those given to meditation or culture of the mind, had no refuge except in the bosom of the church which demanded celibacy; and this could have hardly failed to have had a deteriorating influence on each successive generation. During this same period the Holy Inquisition selected with extreme care the freest and boldest men in order to burn or imprison them. In Spain alone some of the best men—those who doubted and questioned, and without doubting there can be no progress—were eliminated during three centuries at the rate of a thousand a year. *The evil which the Catholic Church has thus effected, is incalculable.*

"Sir C. Lyell has already (Principles of Geology, Vol. II., 1868, p. 489) called attention, in a striking passage, *to the evil influence of the Holy Inquisition, IN HAVING LOWERED THROUGH SELECTION, the general standard of intelligence in Europe.*"

Comment upon a fact and a deduction so appalling, and so terribly verified by history, would be superfluous.

In the Dark Ages which Popery brought upon the world, Woman lost her high estate, and the poor man became a serf. "*Villain*," we dub the rascal of today: that was the vile term which priest and noble *bestowed* upon *the poor*, when the union of Roman Church and Federal State were supreme.

Serfdom of the old sort long ago disappeared before the Insurgents and Progressives of church and State, but the hateful word, *villain*, yet lingers to remind us of what the rich cleric and the rich noble once thought of the peasant, the yeoman—whose honest, hard, unpaid toil furnished Sir Priest with lawn and ermine, and Sir Noble with silken hose and velvet cloak.

* * * * *

Since God created this wicked world, no overlord had ever claimed, *and exercised*, the right to banish bridegroom from nuptial bed, on the first night following "the sacred covenant" of marriage, until the Roman Catholic church had won, by purse and sword, the absolute control of Europe.

Then, the foul, inhuman, bestial *right of the first night* was claimed and exercised by Feudal lords, both lay *and cleric*. That diabolical *right* was not exchanged for a money indemnity until a comparatively recent period.

That hellish *right* was in full operation in the Philippine Islands, at the time that our Government accepted the revolted Filipinos as allies against Spain, in the war of 1898.

(See Official Report of the Taft Commission, Senate document 190, 2nd Session 56th Congress.)

* * * * *

All through the church literature of the Middle Ages, will be found the evidence of the grovelling minds of religious fanatics, bigots and miracle-mongers. Whenever a Roman Catholic of superior mentality appeared, a thinker and an independent, he was silenced or he was crushed. If too troublesome, he was murdered.

Education was denounced: Bible reading made criminal: free speech forbidden; freedom of conscience punished by death and consignment to eevrlasting torments.

Babes unborn were damned, because not baptised; and parents were made to believe that they must pay these unbaptised and unborn babes out of hell.

(Orthodox Roman Catholics hold to that hideous belief even in our own day.)

To kill a heretic was no crime: Popes slew them with crusading armies by

wholesale: Catholic Kings burnt them at the stake, or butchered them in deliberate massacres. In these atrocious persecutions, no distinction of age, or sex, was respected: the gray hairs of the elders, and the glossy locks of prattling children were stiffened in their own life-blood.

Pregnant women were led to the wheel, or cut down by the sword, or tied to the blazing stake. Infants at the breast were snatched away, and their brains dashed out, as agonized mothers looked on.

The world had never known such a nightmare of Faith, of blind credulity, of unquestioning obedience, of ruthless cruelty, of unstinted blood-shed as that which the Popes inflicted upon it. No wonder that the Romanists of today are exerting themselves so industriously and so unscrupulously, *to suppress the damning facts of history.*

The worst of all earthly records is that of the Roman Catholic Church.

The worst of all human dynasties, is that of the Popes of Rome.

* * * * *

In the Vatican, in the convents, in the monasteries, in the lives of the priests there came such enormities, of vice, of crime, of shameless hypocrisy —of all things un-Christian—that the whole European world groaned under the tremendous affliction.

Within the Church, the voice of protest had been raised in vain. Arnold, Jerome, Huss, Savonarola — faithful adherents of Rome—had sounded the alarm and had demanded a change.

They were murdered; and Rome went on, from very bad to very much worse.

The concubine shared the bed of the "Successor of St. Peter": the bastard hailed as *Father*, the "viceroy of Christ": the murderer stood by the Papal throne, and a guilty Pope gazed appalled into the unquailing eyes of his guilty son.

A Pope (Sixtus IV.) set the precedent of licensing the prostitute by laying a tax upon her trade; and other Popes followed his example. Tribute wrung from the white slaver in brothels became a source of priestly revenue.

(See *Human Sexuality*, p. 258.)

A Pope (Julius II.) could not take off his shoe on Good Friday, because his foot was rotten with syphilis.

(*Human Sexuality*, p. 258, citing Hesnau.)

A Pope (Leo X.) was a chronic sufferer from venereal disease. (*Ibid.*)

A Pope (Alexander VI.) was accused by a devout Roman Catholic author of incest with his own bastard daughter. (P. J. Pontani, Vol. III., book 28, p. 294.)

A Pope will amuse himself by calling in courtesans to dance naked before him, and will offer a prize to the man who can commit the carnal act the greatest number of times with these nude prostitutes—the witnesses and judges being the Pope, his bastard son and his bastard daughter.

(*Diarium* of Canon John Burchard, secret Chamberlain of Pope Alexander VI. Cited on p. 259 of *Human Sexuality.*)

A Pope—John XII.—was tried and convicted by a Roman Catholic synod, of blasphemy, perjury, simony, sacrillege, adultery, *incest*, and *MURDER.*

This infallible vice-roy of Christ was killed by a husband *who caught him in the act of adultery with his wife.*

A Pope—Gregory II.—was accused by a Roman Catholic Council of usurpation, heresy, assassination and perjury.

A Pope—John XXIII.—was convicted by the Council of Constance of heresy, deism, adultery, *incest*, *murder*, *AND SODOMY.* This infallible Papa denied the immortality of the soul, the resurrection, and the moral responsibility of man. He deflowered one hundred nuns, and his three sisters charged him with the loss of chastity.

A Pope—Julius III.—disguised his

concubine as a man, and made her a cardinal, in order that she might, without scandal, be near him, to minister to his lusts. *This* infallible vice-roy of Christ died of loathsome disease.

A Pope—Gregory XVI.—who died so recently as 1846, fitted up sumptuous rooms in the Vatican for his mistress, Cajetanina, the wife of an obscure, devout and obliging barber.

A Pope—Pius IX.—whose precious life was spared to a day within our own memory, left behind him two beautiful bastard daughters who were greatly admired in the Holy City.

It was *this* Papa who, in 1870, dragooned his church into the dogmatic declaration that all Popes—good, bad and indifferent, past, present and future —*were Infallible!*

And it was a Pope—Sixtus IV.—who issued a Brief *LEGALIZING* for three months in the year, the unspeakable lewdness which provoked the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah!

A Pope's acknowledged daughter took her place among the famous criminals of modern ages: a Pope's acknowledged illegitimate son became a Cardinal while yet in his teens: a Pope's written sanction authorized the depopulation of Southern France, the enslavement of Catholic Ireland, and the human shambles in which 100,000 Hollanders were pitilessly butchered.

A Pope anathamatized the dauntless barons of Runnymede, damned the Great Charter of our liberties, and disgraced the prelate who had dared to side against tyrannical King John. (Stephen Langton.)

A Pope declared that it was necessary to eternal salvation that every human being should be the subject of Rome—*not* a Bible Christian, *not* a believer in Christ, *not* a doer of good works, *not* an uplifter of his fellow-man; *not* a conscientious, God-fearing, right-living man, *but a subject of the Pope!*

* * * * *

The man and the occasion met when Martin Luther threw off the yoke of Rome, appealed to the Bible, and defied the Powers of earth!

Since then, the world has gone forward, wherever the Pope has been scorned and defied, as Luther scorned and defied him.

Learning heard a Gabriel's trump and came forth in radiant Resurrection.

Men breathed again, and the unshackled human brain started the loom of Modernism, from which has been woven such a wondrous garment for the re-clothing of old earth.

For more than ten hundred years, Europe hardly advanced a step. It was a deadly sin to advance. It was heresy to advance.

The tortured Galileo found it so: Corpernicus found it so: Roger Bacon found it so: Wycliffe found it so: Bruno found it so: Abelard found it so.

The Popes ruled by direct succession from Jesus Christ: the Kings ruled by Divine Right, as ascertained by the Popes: the people were nothing.

It was *theirs* to obey, to toil and moil, to be thankfully content in the condition in which they found themselves. It was *theirs* to support Sir Pope, Sir Priest, Sir King and Sir Noble.

The dogma that sovereignty rested on the people, and that all just government was based on the consent of the governed, was a damnable heresy, a dealy sin.

In the eye of Popes, there was no legality, or permissibility in democracies and republics: monarchies, alone, were lawful, and pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

For, look you! did not the Pope *appoint* the Cardinals, and did not the Cardinals *appoint* the Pope?

Yea, verily. The laity and the lower clergy had no voice in the matter. From generation to generation, *Popes named Cardinals, and Cardinals named Popes.*

A CLOSER CORPORATION WAS NEVER KNOWN. It was self-elective, self-perpetuating, absolute in authority, and beyond the reach of any Recall.

What the Popes had at length made the Church, they wanted the State to be.

And they had it so in the Dark Ages. They had it so, even in the Middle Ages. They had it so, in some countries, a hundred years ago. They had it so, in some other countries *a dozen* years ago.

In some parts of South America, and of Europe, they have it so, *right now.* (Peru, Austria and—to a lesser degree —Spain.)

To forever escape the paralyzing clutches of Kings, Popes and priesthoods, our forefathers fled to the North American wildernes, and *founded this republic upon anti-papal principles.*

No truthful student will contradict this statement, without contradicting our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution, and our Bills of Right.

Unless we are cravenly false to the principles of our ancestors, and totally unworthy of the bloody sacrifices with which they wrested our civil rights and religious liberties from Popes and Kings, the stealthy and sinister encroachments of the Italian hierarchy will be met at all points, by Americans who are as ready to fight and to die for our inheritance, as our forefathers were to win it.

Some Thoughts on Charles Dickens and His Work

Chapter II.

THE father of Dickens enjoyed a regular income. His roost on the pay-roll was as tenacious as that of a modern missionary.

It is true that he was thrown into the debtor's prison—the Marshalsea—but the effect upon the elder Dickens was much the same as the throwing of a rabbit into the brier-patch. The Marshalsea was a House of Refuge to the elder Dickens, for his regular income kept coming while his creditors' couldn't.

Why it was that these supposedly hungry creditors could not intercept and impound this regular income, I do not know. The fact that they were unable to do so, must have intensified their regret at having lost good money on the elder Dickens.

John Forster specifically asserts (page 13) that there was no lack of "bodily comforts" in the prison; and that the regular income of the imprisoned debtor was even sufficient for him to keep a servant to wait on the family. It is quite possible that some of the hungry creditors who had risked and lost good money on the elder Dickens did *not* enjoy fixed and comfortable revenues, and were *not* able to employ menial servants. It is needless to say that *this* view of the case never seems to have occurred to the comfortable debtor's son, Charles.

To what extent was the elder Dickens a Micawber, who was incorrigibly impecunious, optimistic, impracticable and impossible? To what extent did he neglect his son Charles?

The literal fact, provable by Forster's own story, is that the elder Dickens was a steady-going clerk in the naval

service of his country; that he was kept in that employment for many years; that he was most indulgent to his family; that he contracted debts he could not pay; that he was cast upon the softest of cushions in the Marshalsea; that he provided lodging and employment for his son during the whole of that dolorous imprisonment; that he kept the boy at school several years; that he *never* failed to give the lad a home and that he got the 19-year-old youth the first position—a lawyer's clerk—which led to short-hand reporting, swift promotion, fame and wealth.

The elder Dickens had become a reporter for one of the great London daily papers, and his son Charles followed his father into that profession. It is therefore no violent presumption that the father obtained for the son his first employment in journalism, just as he secured for his son the first job in a lawyer's office.

Considering that the elder Dickens was poor, was dependent upon his labor, and had an average family to support, it seems to me that he did, in full, a father's part by his boy Charles —as far as he was able to do so.

* * * * *

What is the gist of Dickens' complaint against his father?

When critically examined, it falls to pieces, leaving an ungrateful son self-exposed to some derision and to some indignation.

Mind you! The creditors had swooped, and had broken up the home. Father Dickens, Mother Dickens, Sister Fanny and Brother Mose had betaken themselves to the debtor's prison. What became of the self-pitying Charles?

Hear ye him:

"I, small Cain that I was, except that I had never done harm to any one, was handed over as a lodger to a reduced old lady, long known to our family * * * who took children to board," etc.

Horrors! The rest of the family had gone to jail, and Charles—Cain that he was! was "handed over to a respectable, ancient gentlewoman," *who had long been known to the family.*

This little misused Cain was not lugged off to the squalid, sordid contaminating environment of a debtor's prison. *This* little Cain was tenderly placed in the home of an old lady, *a friend of the family*, whose reduced circumstances had compelled her to take children to board.

Listen to the mawkish Charles Dickens, alluding to this reduced old gentlewoman "who took in children to board:"

"She had a little brother and sister under care then; somebody's natural children, who were irregularly paid for; and a widow's little son. The two boys and I slept in the same room. * * * *I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father.*"

(Italics mine.)

So contemptuous was the famous Dickens of this old lady and the boys with whom he roomed, that he does not even give the names. He caricatured the good old soul as Mrs. Pipchin, in *Dombey & Son*, just as he burlesqued his own father, his own mother, his confidential friend, Leigh Hunt, and the deformed lady-acquaintance who stood for the Miss Mowcher of *David Copperfield.*

As related by Dickens himself, *this* little "Cain" was not left in the streets, as Thomas DeQuincey was; not "handed over" to strangers nor entered at a charitable institution. There was an old friend of the family who had shown her love for children by opening her house to *them* only; and the elder Dickens selected this venerable lady's home as a secure haven for his son, until the prison experience should be ended.

What became of the "reduced old lady," who was giving shelter and

maintenance to the "little brother and sister?"

From what higher station and more prosperous circumstances had she been "reduced?"

Did the successful, world-crowned Dickens ever try to trace the reduced old lady, the little brother, the little sister, or the "widow's son?"

No: not ever. With the soul of an irredeemable snob, Charles Dickens not only drew a veil over that part of his life, *but shrank in horror from that part of the great city of London.* That any human being, of undoubted genius and kindness of heart should have been *such* a snob, and such a moral coward, seems almost unbelievable.

* * * * *

Comfortably lodged "as a lodger to a reduced old lady, long known to our family," how did the lad procure food?

Here we come in contact with those horrid boys, Bob Fagin, Poll Green, Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes.

These heathen were also employed at the ware-house where empty bottles—oh heavens! were rinsed, and where labels were pasted on boxes of boot-blacking.

Alas! that Charles Dickens should ever have been reduced to earning his bread by rinsing bottles and pasting labels. And, oh, the lasting humiliation of having had to do it in a warehouse basement, and along with Bob Fagin, Poll Green, Mick Walker and Mealy Potatoes!

We are not told that these were bad boys. We are not told that they tried to lead Dickens astray. It appears that they were kind to young Dickens; and that they nursed him, most unselfishly, when Dickens had "a bad attack of my old disorder." Those heathen boys made "a bed of straw" for the sufferer, and Bob Fagin applied hot bottles to his side, half the day. After the attack had spent itself, Bob Fagin "took me under his protection" and carried Dickens to his lodgings—or would have done so had not the little cad been "too proud to let him (Fagin) know about the prison."

Here we have an indisputable flash-light into Dickens' *character*: he was bitterly ashamed of association with Bob Fagin, but "was too proud" to let Bob know that the Dickens family was in jail for debt.

* * * * *

In that huge welter of humanity, known as London, there were, night by night, the year round, thousands of boys and girls who never knew what parental care was, who never had enough to eat or to wear, and who never enjoyed the vast advantage of having a decent lodging to repair to, when the awful darkness fell.

Huddled beneath the arches of bridges, shivering in door-ways, blown hither and thither, like dead leaves, from street to alley and from alley to bleak deserted parks, *those* thousands would have thought it a blessing from on high had *they* been able to see, in all that immensity of London, one glimmering taper within which said to them: Let your tired feet come home—here is shelter, here is good-will, here is the warm bed, and the long sweet sleep that "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

* * * * *

What pay did the proud Dickens get for rinsing those bottles?

He says, slightingly, that his honorarium amounted to six or seven shillings a week. This money he had, all to himself. His land-lady could not swipe any of it. "I suppose my father paid for my lodgings." At least "*I*" did not do it.

So far as the record discloses, "*I*" did not pay a penny for clothing, or for the cleaning and repair thereof. All that "I" had to do was to buy for myself those meals which "I" did not partake of in the Marshalsea.

Seven shillings a week, in those days, had the purchasing power of at least six dollars per week, *now*.

Dickens himself admits that he lived on it; and that he regaled himself on stale sweetmeats regularly. As to pudding, he dined off it many a day—"a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby, with great raisins in it, stuck in whole." My! What larks! as Joseph Gargery would remark.

This "small Cain," this self-pitying little Dickens not only stuffed himself regularly on stale pastry, and heavy pudding, but patronized the coffee-houses!

(It is hardly necessary to explain that coffee was such a luxury that it was formerly served in establishments devoted to that purpose—not in all the eating houses, as afterwards.)

To complete the portraiture of himself, Dickens is careful to state that although he suffered unimaginable tortures while working with Fagin, Green, Walker and Potatoes, he—that's Dickens—so comported himself that these "common boys" recognized his inborn gentility, and paid tribute to it.

Listen to him—Dickens:

"Though perfectly familiar with them" (those common boys) "my conduct and manners were different enough from theirs to place a space between us. They, and the men," (who were also common,) "always spoke of me as 'the young gentleman.'"

And, still, our noble soul was not happy!

Not even when Bob Fagin "settled" the insurrectionary Poll Green, who "uprose once and rebelled against the 'young gentleman' usage."

Steady, men: let us get our bearings here.

Young Charles Dickens holds himself so different in "my conduct and manners" from those common lads and men that he is by common consent dubbed "the young gentleman."

Poll Green resents this discrimination. Poll rebels against the usage of calling Dickens "the young gentleman."

We are not informed as to *what* Poll was "going to do about it," but we are assured that "Bob Fagin settled him speedily." Bully for Bob! One could easily find himself wondering what became of the gallant, warm-hearted lad, who nursed Dickens when sick, and fought for him when Dickens was well; and who evidently loved the blue-eyed, chestnut-haired and exceedingly handsome youth.

In all his after life, did Charles Dickens ever win truer affection than that which Bob Fagin *proved?* I doubt it.

Nevertheless, Dickens morbidly avoided that part of the City where he had honestly worked with these "common boys," and where one of them had shown him the truest, noblest friendship!

Again, read Dickens' own words:

"* * * I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it."

He would go out of his way to shun the place, and he used to "cry" about it, even "after my eldest child could speak."

Think of a robust, money-making, fame-crowned *man* confessing that it "made me cry," to pass by the place where, as a boy, he used to earn a living, by rinsing bottles and pasting labels!

* * * * *

The elder Dickens at length got his bankruptcy affairs straightened out, and he left the Marshalsea. His son Charles became a member of the household in the new home of the family; and we soon find that young "Cain" attending the Wellington Academy *for two years.*

In fact, Charles Dickens never suffered for want of a home, or an education. *His father provided both.* Until he was nineteen years old, his father's

home was *his;* and when he went forth into the world to make his way, he was better equipped than one-half of the English youth of that day—and *this.* He did not even have to plod wearily from street to street, seeking employment. His father put his feet on the first rung of the ladder; and after that, it was not difficult for the brilliant young man to climb.

T. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Have just received your last magazine and read remarks about Dickens. It seems that the British press is not given (like the American press) to publish current tattle about eminent people, dead or living. The cause of Dickens' trouble with his wife—though widely known in England, was never published. Mrs. Dickens was excessively fond of stimulants—was, in fact, according to reports—a confirmed drunkard, and resisted her husband's efforts to check her habits; she demanded a separate home where she could be unmolested, and was given it, her eldest son going with her, her sister remaining with the family. This was said in England—the press, out of respect to all, said nothing.

England was outraged at the terrible and unfoundel scandal about the noble and unhappy Lord Byron, gotten up by our famous scandal-monger, Harriet Stowe. She lost sixteen thousand dollars by the book she published, and became an object of contempt before the whole world, instead of adding to her fame, as she had expected.

We will always love Dickens for the pleasure he has given us; he has given us some rare books, and we owe him no grudge.

I know you are being terribly persecuted, Mr. Watson, but I hope there is justice to be had in the American courts, in spite of the dark menace, and you have many anxious friends all over the broad land. Always, your sympathetic

FRIEND.

COMMENT:

It gives me pleasure to publish the above letter.

The facts stated are new to me. In nothing that I have ever before read was there any hint of drunkenness, on the part of Mrs. Dickens. There were statements made to the effect that her temper, wayward disposition, and lack of congeniality with her husband were the cause of the domestic troubles.

My correspondent's allusion to Harriet Beecher Stowe reminds me that I have a copy of her frightful book.

I also have the volume published as a refutation of her charges.

In the next number of this magazine, I will recapitulate the substance of old Mistress Stowe's accusations against Lord Byron; and will give a summary of the reply.

Incidentally, I will try my hand, as an experienced lawyer, in solving the mystery of the Byron divorce case.

The Park Pigeons

Ralph M. Thomson

How little do they care for crests or caste,
Or pied philippics on the pomp of birth;
For silks and laces of the fortune-classed,
Or for the rags that badge the poor of earth.

They do not question, if the hand be kind
That feeds them, whence the friendly giver comes;
The choicest morsels by the rich consigned
Are not more sweet than are a beggar's crumbs.

The Indictment Against Thos. E. Watson

United States of America.
Northeastern Division,
Southern District of Georgia.
United States District Court,
November Term, 1912.

THE Grand Jurors of the United States, selected, chosen, and sworn, in and for the Northeastern Division, upon their oaths, present:

(First Count.)

That heretofore, to-wit, on the twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eleven, one Thomas E. Watson, late of said division and district, did, in the county of McDuffie, within said division and district, and within the jurisdiction of this court, then and there unlawfully, willfully, knowingly and feloniously deposit and cause to be deposited, for mailing and delivery to divers persons, whose names and addresses are to the grand jurors aforesaid unknown, by and through the mails of the said United States, in the postoffice at Thomson in the said county of McDuffie, divers copies (the exact numbers of which are to the said grand jurors unknown) of a certain obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy publication of an indecent character, which said publication was then and there contained and printed in a magazine then and there entitled "Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine," in the July nineteen hundred and eleven, issue of said Magazine, and which said publication was then and there contained on page two hundred and eight in said magazine, in an article entitled "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization," and which said publication then and there began on said page with the words, "In Cut No. 7, we have 'the sacred four' of Phallic worship," and concluded on said page with the words, "the most profligate of pagan religions;" and which said publication is so obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy as to be offensive to the court if set forth herein, and improper to be spread upon the records of the court, for which reasons the same is not set forth in full in this indictment; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the said United States.

(Second Count.)

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do further present, that heretofore, to-wit: on the twenty-eighth day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, the said Thomas E. Watson did, in the county of McDuffie, within said division and district, and within the jurisdiction of this court, then and there unlawfully, willfully, knowingly and feloniously deposit and cause to be deposited, for mailing and delivery to divers persons, whose names and addresses are to the Grand Jurors aforesaid, unknown, by and through the mails of the said United States at Thomson, in the said county of McDuffie divers copies (the exact number of which are to the said Grand Jurors unknown) of a certain obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy publication of an indecent character, which said publication was then and there contained and printed in a magazine then and there entitled "Watson's Magazine," in the May, nineteen hundred and twelve issue thereof, and which said publication was then and there contained on pages thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, in said magazine in an article entitled "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization," and which said publication then and there

began at the top of said page thirteen wth the words, "A Chapter for the consideration of legislators, husbands, and fathers. Some of the matters on which the priest of Rome must question his penitents. Dens wants the confessor to interrogate on the following matters;" and which said publication then and there continued with the words in the Latin language. 1. "Paccant exores, quae susceptumviri," on said page thirteen, and other words following said words on said page, and on said pages fourteen and fifteen, all in said language, and then and there concluded on said page fifteen with the words, "jam nequeunt jure conjugii uti," in said Latin language, and which said publication is so obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy as to be offensive to the court in the said Latin words, and if a translation in English of the said Latin words, should be set forth herein, and improper to be spread upon the records of the court, for which reasons the said publication is not set forth in full in this indictment; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the said United States.

(Third Count.)

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do further present, that heretofore, to-wit; on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twelve, the said Thomas E. Watson did, in the county of McDuffie, within said division and district and within the jurisdiction of this court, then and there unlawfully, willfully, knowingly and feloniously deposit and cause to be deposited, for mailing and delivery to divers persons, whose names and addresses are to the Grand Jurors aforesaid unknown, by and through the mails of the said United States, in the postoffice of the said United States at Thomson, in the said county of McDuffie, divers copies (the exact number of which are to the said Grand Jurors aforesaid unknown) of a certain obscene, lewd, and lascivious publication of an indecent character, which said publication was then and there entitled "Watson's Magazine," in the April, nineteen hundred and twelve issue thereof, and which said publication was then and there contained on page nine hundred and forty-six in said magazine in an article entitled, "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization," and which said publication then and there began on said page with the words, "In the Confessional, these modern priests of Bacchus can and do, learn," and concluded on said page with the words, "are both destroyed, morally, by the Confessional?" and which said publication is so obscene, lewd, and lascivious as to be offensive to the court if set forth herein, and improper to be spread upon the minutes of the court, for which reasons the same is not set forth in this indictment; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the said United States.

Geo. Nees,
Foreman Grand Jury.

Alexander Akerman,
United States Attorney.

COMMENT ON INDICTMENT.

First: The name of the prosecutor nowhere appears, on the face of the proceedings against me.

My information is, that through Anthony Comstock, of New York, this criminal prosecution was instigated by Anthony Matre, of St. Louis, Mo., secretary of the Federation of Catholic Societies.

A question which arises here is, can an American citizen be criminally prosecuted in the United States Courts, without the appearance of a prosecutor, there being no special presentment by the Grand Jury?

If the name of the prosecutor is being kept concealed, how could the defendant ever sue for damages for malicious prosecution?

How could he ever get redress for false arrest or false imprisonment?

Second: The indictment does not follow the warrant that was issued in the case.

It alleges that other copies of the Magazine than those named in the warrant, were obscene.

Third: I am indicted for explaining Phallic Worship, and the extent to which Roman Catholic regalia has been borrowed from that ancient cult.

My explanation of Phallic Worship is no more obscene than the subject required.

If I am guilty, then the publishers of encyclopedias, histories of ancient religions and so forth, are equally guilty.

Why am I singled out for prosecution, when so many other publishers are doing what I have been accused of having done? (See our book on the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.)

Fourth. The District Attorney did not dare to let the Indictment show what it was that I thought should be known by American husbands, fathers, brothers and sons.

The questions asked by the priests *are too lewd, lascivious and obscene to be published in a magazine, OR TO BE COPIED INTO AN INDICTMENT*, but are *not* too lewd, lascivious and obscene for the *ears, the hearts and the souls of American maids and matrons*—the Romanist mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the land.

What do you think of *that*, you American husbands, lovers, fathers, brothers and sons?

Fifth. The District Attorney did not dare to put into the Indictment *what it was* that the priests of Bacchus did with their female votaries, nor what the Romanist libertine priests do with *their* yielding victims.

Nor did the District Attorney dare to allege that what I said about it *was false.*

If it is TRUE, ought not the people to know it?

OUGHT NOT ROMAN CATHOLIC HUSBANDS AND FATHERS KNOW IT?

I venture to say that I am the only man who was ever indicted for using *words which the prosecution virtually admits to be true, BUT WHICH IT DARES NOT COPY INTO THE INDICTMENT.*

Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 10

My Dear Prince of the Blood:

WHICH do you consider the Roman system,—a religion, a political machine, or a business proposition?

If your chief aim is *religion*, why do you have so much to do with politics and finance?

If your chief aim is *religion*, why do you never use the Bible, nor imitate Christ as to money-getting?

If the main object of your elaborate organization is *not* to amass earthly riches, and to wield earthly power, why are you so persistently demanding money, and reaching out for the offices? Why have you established a price-list, *a market report*, which keeps the world posted on all the various fees which you exact in the performance of Christian duties?

You liberate sinners from their chains; but the sinner must come pown with his cash before you will pardon those sins.

You release condemned and tortured souls from Purgatory; but, unless the cash or itse equivalent is forthcoming, those condemned and tortured souls may continue to suffer evermore.

Where is your Scriptural authority for *that*, Cardinal?

If, by a few words of supplication to the "Virgin Mary," you can bring eternal bliss to souls now languishing in torment, are you not a stony-hearted person, when you fail to do it?

If we are taught to think ill of the passers-by who neglected the wounded stranger whom the Good Samaritan relieved, what must we think of Christian priests who won't open the doors of hell, unless the gate-receipts are satisfactory?

If we are taught that our Heavenly Father is served, every time we visit the sick, clothe the naked and feed the hungry, how much greater would be that service if we voluntarily emptied Purgatory by prayers and intercessions, freely offered from hearts overflowing with compassion for the wretched!

You, Cardinal, stand committed, as a Romanist, to this diabolically uncharitable proposition: "The Roman church *can* release all the purgatorial sufferers, but *WON'T*, *unless money is paid for the prayers.*"

Cardinal, do you remember how baldly that position of your church has been expressed by your peddlers of Indulgences?

The Archbishop of Mentz said: "Those who wish to deliver souls from Purgatory, and procure the pardon of their offences *let them put money in the box;* contrition of heart, or confession of mouth, is not necessary."

Put cash into the Church chest—nothing more is required for the remission of sins.

No broken and contrite heart; no grieved, repentant soul is needed: JUST PAY THE MONEY TO THE ROMANIST PRIEST; and, though the sins be as scarlet, they shall be washed whiter than snow!

What matters it if the Bible declares that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse from sin?

(Rom. v. 9; viii. I. John I, 7 and 9.)

What though the Christian Church of Rome, for more than a thousand years held to the Scriptural doctrine?

It suited the mercenary spirit of later Popes to supersede God Himself, and they did it!

Hear Tetzel, the Pope's agent, sent into Germany to sell pardons for sins—sins past, sins present, and sins future!

"*Indulgences avail not only for the living, but for the dead.*"

Have you, stricken father, an unbaptised infant in the other world? If so, it is undergoing agony in the flames of Purgatory. If you love your own child, and would save it from everlasting pain, pay for a papal Indulgence.

Have you, bereaved husband, a wife that died in her sins, without priestly absolution? If so, she is at the bottom of the abyss, in the dread Beyond: how can you refuse to save her from further anguish? Pay a small sum to the Pope and her soul will immediately take wings to heaven!

Listen to Tetzel, appealing to the ignorant believers in the Pope:

"Do you not hear your parents and your other friends who are dead, and who are crying to you from the bottom of the abyss:

"*We are suffering horrible torments! A trifling sum of money would deliver us: you CAN give it, and you will not.*"

Think of a Pope's agent making that kind of appeal to illiterate, priest-ridden peasants!

Tetzel continued:

"At the very instant that the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from Purgatory, and flies liberated to heaven."

"With twelve groats, you can deliver your father from Purgatory. * * I declare to you, that though you have but a single coat, you ought to *strip it off and sell it*, in order to obtain this grace.

"The Lord our God no longer reigns. He has resigned all power to the Pope." (See D'Aubigne's *Reformation*, pp. 86, 87.)

Cardinal, *that* is really and truly the creed of modern, infallible Popery.

Pardons for sins—past, present and future—all still peddled in Europe.

Souls are still paid and prayed out of Purgatory, all over the Roman Catholic world—*and even in these United States.*

Did you ever forgive a sin, My Prince?

If so, what is *the evidence?*

Did you ever pray a soul out of Purgatory?

If so, what is *the evidence?*

Where is the proof that Popery ever cleansed a soul of its sins, or got a prisoner out of Purgatory?

Inasmuch as it took the Romanists 1400 years to discover that there was a Purgatory, it is an awful thing to reflect upon the myriads of incarcerated spirits that did not even get the chance to be paid for and prayed out.

It hardly seems fair that only those who fell into limbo, after the year 1439, should have enjoyed the privilege of being "redeemed" by the cash payments of sympathetic relatives.

* * * * *

Cardinal, do you sometimes feel sorry for St. Anthony of Padua?

If ever there was an overworked Saint, it is An'tney.

He is the Saint whose vocation in the other and better world it is, to find lost pocket-books, lost jewels, and lost health. *He* is the Saint who keeps the house from catching a-fire. *He* is the Saint who finds a man for the vacant job, and a job for the vacant man. *He* is the Saint who hunts up tenants for unoccupied houses, and who tells absent-minded women where they laid down their spectacles, the house-keys, the pawn-ticket, and the jewel-case.

Saint Anthony is perhaps the greatest old busy-body in the realms of bliss. *He* never has the leisure to attune his harp, find a comfortable seat on the damp clouds, and out-pour his devotional ardor in song. No: St. An'tney is *always* busy, looking for old women's keys, or spectacles, or pocket-books, or stolen *bric-a-brac.*

Think of the trouble that old Saint must have in discovering a man who is willing to marry some shelf-worn

spinster, whom every other man has looked over, and passed up!

Cardinal, you *must* feel sorry for St. An'tney. *That* Saint is "shore" overworked.

I follow his jobs in the Romanist magazine called *Bethlehem*. It affords me pleasure to relate that this magazine is not published in America.

Bethlehem is printed in Europe—in Switzerland.

(If *you* want a copy of *Bethlehem*, write to the Manager of the same, at Schwyz, Switzerland. If you expect to get it, send filthy lucre to the extent of 60 cents.)

Lest I be accused of levity and slander, I copy some of the letters which appear in *Bethlehem*.

These letters are addressed to the Magazine, by sundry bipeds in whose behalf Saint Anthony has labored.

Here is one:

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving for a great favour granted, through the holy intercession of Saint Anthony. I had suffered from a severe pain in my side for over two years, and often thought that I would not live till morning. Last November I promised an offering to Saint Anthony, and from that time forward I got quite well and free from all pain. I waited some time to see if it would return, but thank God it has not.—E. M., Ireland.

Thus, you see, St. Anthony cured an Irish believer of a pain in her side.

There are quite a few people on this side of the pond who are also afflicted with a misery in their sides. They ought to dismiss the doctors and the Christian Scientists, and try Saint Anthony.

Here are some other letters to *Bethlehem:*

I am sending you an offering in thanksgiving for a favour granted through St. Joseph and St. Anthony. I lost an article and at once commenced a novena, and promised to have it published in the Bethlehem. On the second day the article was restored to me. Surely St. Anthony is a miracle worker.—A Lover of St. Anthony.

I send you an offering in thanksgiving for a favour granted through the holy intercession of St. Anthony. The intention for which I requested your prayers was that I might get a good and suitable husband and happy home, and thank God my desire has been granted, much to the surprise of everyone.—Mrs. L., Ireland.

I promised an offering to St. Anthony for your School, if he would help my sister recover a pocket-book, containing money and jewelry, which she had lost. My request was granted, the book being found in a mysterious manner.—T. O'B., Brooklyn, U. S. A.

I enclose an offering in honour of St. Anthony and for a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory. I promised this offering to Saint Anthony, if he would get a tenant for a house that was vacant for months so now, it is rented and I hasten to fulfill my promise. I also enclose an offering for a Mass of thanksgiving in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all the graces and blessings bestowed on us.—M. B., Louisville, U. S. A.

I appealed to St. Anthony to obtain an improvement in the state of my health. The result has surpassed all my hopes. Please insert this favour in your journal. —H. B.—St. G., Cote d'Or (France).

Enclosed find an offering to dear St. Anthony, the Infant Jesus, His Holy Mother and St. Joseph for favours received. We had a contagious disease and two members of the family escaped after invoking our patron. The others had a safe and speedy recovery. We were also assisted in a former sickness which I failed to mention. Dear St. Anthony never fails to help when I invoke him.—B. M., U. S. A.

From the foregoing, you can see that the Saint has his hands full.

For one patron he found a lost article, (pocket-knife, I'll bet) and for another, "a good and suitable husband."

I'd really like to know what commission St. Anthony was paid for the finding and delivery of that "good and suitable husband."

Would also love to know how the "good and suitable" is pleased with the wife that St. A. got for him.

Other offerings to *Bethlehem* for the Saint were for a job, a lost lot of money and jewelry, a misplaced letter, and a tenant for a vacant house.

(Suppose the tenant elopes without paying the rent—then what?)

Another letter in *Bethlehem* sends money, because St. Anthony shielded the writer's family from an epidemic.

Another letter must be given in full:

You will find enclosed herewith my offering, in payment of a debt to Saint Anthony, who has helped me in a most providential manner to find an object which I value very much and which I thought I had left behind me, when traveling, in the train. Now after making a promise to Saint Anthony, I have found this object in a trunk where I have no recollection of having put it.—M. R.—C. Nievre (France).

Here are some others:

A great forest-fire threatened our land. We appealed to St. Anthony who has preserved us from the scourge we feared. Thanks to this good Saint.—H. L., Saint-Esprit, Canada.

I was suffering a great pain in my eyes for several days. Then it occurred to me to apply to the painful part, the blessed medal of St. Anthony and Our Lady of Lourdes. A great relief followed. I thank my holy patron Saints and beg you to publish this favour in "Bethlehem."—E. R., U. C., Canada.

A relation of mine had some payments to meet and had not the necessary sum to fulfill the engagement at the appointed time. She promised a Mass in honour of Saint Anthony, for the Souls in Purgatory, if work arrived in time. She had no cause for disappointment in St. Anthony.—L. R., Geneva.

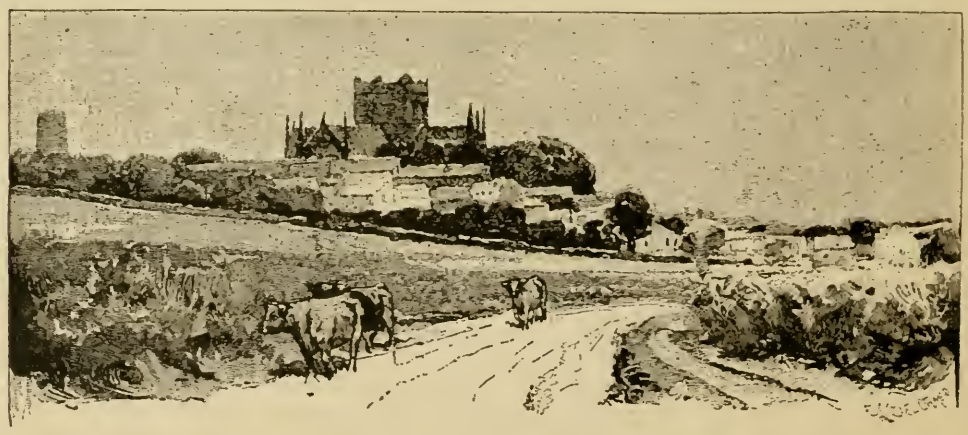
I had recommended myself to St. Anthony and to the Souls in Purgatory, promising a Mass and insertion in "Bethlehem" if I found a sum of money which was wanted. My prayer was granted, so I hasten to fulfill my promise and recommend myself to the prayers of the Institute.—D. T.,—B., Jura-Bernois.

I had promised an offering if my son obtained the situation he wished for. The prayer was granted at the very moment we least expected it. Thanks to Saint Anthony.—A. G. — T., Eure-et-Loire (France.)

If a system of so-called religion can bring the human mind to such a feeble, credulous, benighted state, as indicated in those letters, is it good for the believers, and good for the world?

If it is the business of Saint Anthony to find tenants for vacant house, servants for needy house-keepers, and husbands for old maids, why does he confine his services to those who happen to know his vocation, and who happen to be able to pay for his services?

While this Saint was engaged in hunting for the lost pocket-book and the lost letter referred to above, it is a great pity that he did not find a safe pathway for the ships that went down at sea.



The Story of My Capture and My Experience as a Prisoner of War

Rev. T. H. Timmons

THE battle at Franklin, Tenn., was one of the most disastrous of the Civil War. Franklin is 18 miles south of Nashville. On the 30th of November, 1864, at 4 o'clock p. m., General Hood, with about 30,000 men, advanced upon the strongholds of Schofield at Franklin. The Confederates soon possessed themselves of the exterior of the works, the enemy holding the interior. The battle continued until 12 o'clock at night, when 10,000 men lay dead on the field. Here fell the flower of the army, of both officers and men, among them Pat. R. Cleburne, "the brave of the braves," Generals Gist, Adams, Granbury, Strahl and others.

I was a member of Gen. S. D. Lee's corps, whose conduct throughout the campaigns of Tesnessee, was highly commended by Gen. John B. Hood. In this battle Schofield was routed, leaving in the hands of the Confederates his wounded and dead and many of his guns and stores.

On December 2nd Hood's army advanced upon Nashville. The weather was bitter cold. The Confederates, weary and worn with the march and battles, proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could in their ditches and behind their embrasures until the morning of the 15th, when General Thomas, with more than 50,000 men, advanced upon Hood's breastworks. General Hood said that he had never known a better sustained battle than the battle fought on the 15th until late in the evening, when a strong cavalry force penetrated our left wing. Hood straightened his line, a portion of it falling back only a short distance. On the morning of the 16th the enemy opened a general fire upon Hood's lines. The men in gray were never in better spirits, challenging the enemy with the waving of colors and their enthusiastic yells. Throughout the day, until 4 o'clock, the enemy advanced and was repulsed with fearful loss. At 4 o'clock of that day, from some cause, General Bates, whose division occupied our left center, was driven from his breastworks. General Stevens' division, which occupied the center of our line, was then exposed to an enfilading fire. Just at that moment, when our division believed that the day was ours, the enemy having broken our left wing, advanced under cover of a hill and enveloped us in our ditches. Fifty-four of our guns were captured, the horses having been in the early morning carried to the rear, the general in command not having apprehended a defeat. Within less time than it requires to write these words, I found myself surrounded by Federal officers and stalwart soldiers with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. I was ordered to surrender my sword; I hesitated and stuck it in the ground. All firing, save the cannonading, soon ceased. The captured men were immediately marched to Nashville, where we remained for five days on scanty rations, and with but little comforts of any kind.

The private soldiers and non-commissioned officers were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. The commissioned officers were sent to Johnson's Island, Ohio. Johnson's Island is located on Lake Erie, three miles from Sandusky City and about ten miles from the Canada line. On our way to the island, be it said to the credit of the citizens, including a large number of ladies, that

they spoke many kind words of sympathy and would have given us material aid had they been allowed to do so.

We arrived in Sandusky City on the 22d of December, at 3 o'clock p. m. The mercury was 20 degrees below zero and the lake was frozen over. A slight snow storm was in progress, and the island looked like a mere speck. The officers having us in charge pointed to it and informed us that we would have to march across the ice to that which was to be our future residence. I was weak and thinly clad, had not seen fire since we left Nashville, and my heart at this moment sank within me, for I felt that the end had come. Our first experience on the ice was somewhat exciting and created a good deal of hilarity, for the men would fall and rise and fall again. But we soon learned how to pick up our feet, and walk on ice with shoes without heels or tacks. After hard suffering and much struggling we reached the island just as the sun went down. It is well to state the fact that only commissioned officers were detained at Johnson's Island as prisoners of war. At this time they numbered 3,000.

We numbered between 300 and 400, and in our ranks were men from nearly every Southern State, so that we were met by our comrades with intense interest. The first man I met upon reaching the island was Col. Phillips, of the 52d Georgia regiment, whom I had not seen nor heard from since the 16th day of May, 1863, on the battlefield of Baker's Creek, Mississippi, where he was captured, and when I told him where I last saw him and of the message he sent by the surgeon to his wife, the tears came to his eyes, and he threw his arms around me. The second man I met was Lieut. Grier, of the 39th Georgia regiment. This kind-hearted man took me to his own room and gave me a comfortable bath and a clean suit of clothes and a place to sleep on in his bunk.

The rest were quartered in a large mess hall, with only two small heaters to keep them comfortable, so I was indeed fortunate.

The Bible says that "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood," but such battles are physical and visible. The greatest battles are internal and are fought where clashing steel, the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon are not heard.

Honorable prisoners of war are the custodians of the ideals and principles which constitute the foundations upon which the actual debate rests, and the pressure brought to bear upon men in such circumstances is a surer test of loyalty than the peril of rushing upon blazing battle lines. About this time it was represented by the commander of the post that Federal prisoners of war at Andersonville, Libby and other Southern points were being badly treated, and that the United States government had commenced a policy of retaliation. In order to prevent any wrong impression, it is proper to state the method of retaliation. This was the method of starvation. We had control of all of the territory within the dead line, which was twenty feet from the wall, and no restrictions were thrown around us and we were subjected to no privations save the reduction of our rations to the lowest amount that would sustain life. Under this system some of the men were reduced to a species of apparent temporary insanity, and their nightly dreams were visions of delicious viands, which, when they reached out to partake of, faded away into the dreams that they were. In order to appease the craving of hunger men would collect bones that had been thrown out by the cooks, boil them the second or third time and drink the water they had been boiled in when there was not a particle of grease in it. Some trapped and ate rats.

When we were suffering these ex-

treme sensations of hunger, the Federal government, through Colonel Hill, the post commander, proposed that we take the amnesty oath, which involved a confession that we had violated the Constitution of the United States, and a plea for pardon for each violation. Even at this distant day, I regret to state that 53 Confederate officers applied for this oath, and accepted the privileges the taking of it brought, which were better quarters, comfortable clothing , the same rations the Federal soldiers received in the field. In addition, the men were promised that they would be allowed a parole, with the understanding that they were to stay within the Federal lines, that they could go out and work, retain the proceeds of their labor and carry the money home with them when the war was over. This promise was not kept, but these were the first to be discharged after the surrender of the Confederate armies.

In this crisis, the Southern officers displayed a commendable knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and showed that they had never violated the compact, but had ever been true to it.

It will be of interest to state how we passed our time during our stay in prison. We organized a Young Men's Christian Association, and under its auspices classes in different branches of study were established, a library was formed and in various ways we cultivated ourselves. We had religious services every week, and when the weather became good, nearly every day, and once a week prayer meetings. Some of the prisoners made various articles of comfort or ornament, such as chairs and gutta-percha rings set with gold, and also watch chains of gutta-percha.

Many schemes were devised and executed by the prisoners for escape from the island, but not one succeeded in getting away.

On the 8th of April, 1865, there were various rumors within the enclosure concerning the movements of the two armies in Virginia. One report was that Gen. John B. Gordon had surrendered to Sheridan. Another was that the Federals were flying before the Confederates. Another, that General Lee had sent a flag of truce to General Grant. We could get no definite information, and our suspense was almost intolerable.

On the morning of the 9th rumors of an ominous nature wer still flying within the prison, and there seemed to be great excitement outside among the Federals. Late in the afternoon of the 9th, a messenger came in and wrote on the bulletin board:

> "*Richmond has fallen. Lee has surrendered.*"

The news spread like wildfire among us. Our men gathered in little groups and discussed the matter in low tones. Some doubted the correctness of the report, but it was generally accepted as true. Strong men wept like children. Many went to their rooms, threw themselves upon their bunks and sobbed out their chagrin and sorrow. There was but little sleeping that night among the prisoners on Johnson's Island. On the following day, the details of the surrender were published in *The Sandusky Herald*, and circulated among our men. These strong men were bowed like the palm tree before a mighty wind, but soon recovered from the shock and resumed the attitude of composure. It was truly refreshing to see these men manifest the same chivalrous spirit that had characterized them through all the sorrows and defeats of the past. Strong and tender ties of friendship had been formed during the bitter confinement of these high spirited men upon the island, and knowing that they would soon separate to meet no more on earth, they hastened to have a last conversation and secure autographs.

Our intense excitement subsided and we had a few days of quiet and deliberate discussion of the events which had transpired.

On the morning of the 15th of April the sun swept up through the golden gates of the East, and the day broke upon us in brightness and beauty. During the early hours of the morning we observed the boats crossing the lake from Sandusky City and approaching the island with flags displayed at half mast. This suggested to us that an event had occurred of tremendous significance, and various were the rumors with reference to the nature of that event. One was that Lee had cursed Grant; another was that one of the great Federal leaders had fallen. Our men rushed to the bulletin board by the hundreds. We were not allowed to make any inquiry of the sentry or anyone beyond the walls, and for nearly one hour we stood in breathless suspense around the bulletin, but no news came. At length an officer appeared and commanded the men to disperse and go to their quarters. It was about the space of two hours when Colonel Hill, the commander of the post, with his staff, entered the enclosure with their swords wreathed in crepe, and wearing crepe sashes. They were escortel by a platoon of soldiers marching with arms reversed. Reaching the center of the prison, the officer with his men ascended an outside stairway and stopped on the first landing. Within a few minutes more than 2,000 men were around him and they stood so close together that you could scarcely thrust your hand between them. When all was still Colonel Hill said in strong but tremulous voice:

"Gentlemen, President Lincoln was assassinated last night in a theater, and you will not be allowed to exult."

It would require the most astute and discriminating mind as to which made the deepest impression upon the minds of these care-worn but chivalrous Southerners, the announcement of the murder of the President or the intimation that they were so mean and cowardly as to rejoice over the tragic death. After a few painful moments had passed and we had recovered from the shock, the muscles of Colonel Hill's face relaxed as he listened to the patriotic replies as they fell from the lips of these "picked men" of the South. One said, "We do not wish to exult, Colonel." Another said, "It is the most unfortunate event that could have happened at this crucial hour of the country." Another said, "Colonel, realizing this as a great calamity, we tender through you, our sympathies to your people;" and many like utterances fell from the lips of these men. Some inquiries were made as to who was the assassin and the circumstances of the tragedy, when an officer said, "You will read the details in tomorrow morning's papers." With the utmost decorum and with becoming silence these men returned to their rooms. Not many days passed away before rumors of an unpleasant nature were circulated among us. One was that the South would be held responsible for the assassination of Lincoln, and that several hundred Confederate officers would be shot to death with musketry by way of retaliation, and that they would be chosen by lot from among the men on Johnson's Island. It was not long, however, until all comments ceased, and all rumors died out. The minds of these men now turned to the day of release and to their return to their own Southland and to homes that had been swept and desolated by the red wave of war. The problem of the terms of release was to us a serious matter; we had declined the amnesty oath and were firmly resolved not to recede from our position. If honor was all that was left us, we could not afford to sacrifice it. We were officially informed that neither Lee nor Johnston had included,

in the stipulations of the surrender, their men who were held as prisoners of war. We were left to decide and act for ourselves. After considerable discussing, it was agreed that we should be released upon taking the oath of allegiance to the only existing government. This we regarded as an honorable oath. We were released by detachments and were taken alphabetically, according to date of capture. About the middle of June, on a beautiful Saturday, the detachment of which I was a member, was ordered to move to Sandusky City for their Southern homes and take the cars at 6 o'clock p. m. Upon arriving at the depot, we were informed that by some mishap our train would be delayed for twenty-four hours. We were met by an officer who assigned us quarters in a beautiful park, not far from the depot. A guard was placed around us, and we felt as free as if we were on a Dixie camping ground. The Sabbath morning dawned fair and bright, and after a night of sweet rest on the beautiful green sward, we hailed with delight the privileges of the day of peace and holy worship. In our detachment were members of nearly every Christian denomination and many of them sought the churches of their choice. With two companions, I very naturally started out to find a Methodist church. Crossing many streets, and passing many places of worship, we at length had pointed out to us by a gentleman whom we met, a magnificent edifice, which he said was the First Methodist church of the city. We were met at the door by the usher, who with much courtesy guided us to an eligible pew. The services were unostentatious throughout, and had the aroma of Methodist fervor and simplicity. After the preliminary service, the minister, who was comparatively a young man, announced for his text the first verse of the sixth chapter of Hebrews, "Therefore learning the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on into perfection." After giving a brief theological analysis of the text, he proceeded to descant upon the evils of slavery. He omitted to tell his congregation who was responsible for the institution. He enlarged upon the cost, the immense cost of emancipation, but he seemed to be ignorant of the merits of the debate and of the motives of the men who had sought peace by separation. He spoke of the difficulty of preparing the multitudes of the Southern blacks to be worthy and useful citizens of this vast republic. He said that the foundation of this great work had been paid in blood, but was scarcely laid, and now would begin the work of training and development which would require great faith and patience. The preacher did not indulge in any abusive words or vituperation of Southern men. Notwithstanding his superficial knowledge of the origin of the problem and the purposes of Providence, in the manner of its solution, he made the impression upon our mind that he was an honest man and a Christian gentleman.

On Sunday evening at 6 o'clock we boarded our train for our far-away Southern homes. We were treated with great courtesy and kindness in every place and in every city until we reached the city of Nashville. There we were detained several hours waiting for our transportation, and were guarded by negro soldiers, which to us was exceedingly distasteful. I reached my father's house in Western Georgia on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon. I was weary and sick and sad, but my heart was filled with gratitude to know that the great war had ended, and that I, with my four brothers, had survived the awful storm.

(Note: I have given the details of this story from memory, having lost all memoranda and autographic information. Should this story ever fall under the eye of those whose recollections of the events are more accurate and reliable than my own, and they should point out mistakes in dates and facts as I have related them, I will gladly make essential corrections.)

The Problem of Washington's Commissionership

Edward S. Taft

THREE years ago, or thereabout, Cuno H. Rudolph, a local hardware merchant with an extensive brewery trade and strong Catholic backing, was nominated by President Taft for the office of District Commissioner. Thousands of protests in the form of indorsements filed in behalf of men of known ability familiar with District affairs were sent to the White House only to be ignored by the President. His term of office expired a month ago and a goodly number of the best citizens of Washington hoped that he would return to the manner of life to which his attainments and talents fit him. His friends, however, advised against his retirement, claiming that he should have another term as a vindication of his course in the past three years. Rudolph consented, and without loss of time the united liquor interests, priests of the Catholic church, owners of the Sunday show places which disgrace the National Capital, members of clubs with barroom attachments, German singing societies which met Sunday nights over saloons, and a mixed crowd with jobs in the axe-grinding line, got busy in their efforts to keep him in the District triumvirate. Thus far the Senate has declined to confirm the nomination.

Rudolph's present associates in the Board of Commissioners are Col. William V. Judson and "Gen." John A. Johnston. Judson is a real colonel, a man of brains, but out of favor just now on account of his outspoken opposition to crooked insurance methods in the District. Johnston, after nobly serving his country through a long period of lethargic peace, left the army wearing a major's shoulder-straps, took a wife, and succeeded so well financially that he was soon spoken of by his friends as a very rich man. After coming to Washington, he leaped at one prodigious bound from major to the rank of "general," for which he owes a vote of thanks, first, to the social circle into which his financial prowess admitted him; second, to the grace of Theodore Roosevelt, and, third, to the favor of the Senate. Johnston was not an aspirant for re-appointment. Charges which would have made him the star performer in a Congressional investigation if the Presidet had not refused to consider them, may partly explain his willingness to return to the obscurity from which Mr. Taft plucked him. It should be said that his appointment was made only a week or two after Rudolph donned the toga of triumviral greatness. He was chosen by the President over men of the highest standing in the city and district, albeit he was not known to a hundred persons outside of the narrow circle in which he moved. I have written thus of Johnston in order that your readers may know what manner of men President Taft has forced upon the people of Washington as their governors. Now let me turn to Mr. Rudolph again.

To thousands of people who have watched his course since he became a commissioner, Mr. Rudolph's contention that he is entitled to another term as a means of vindicating his past conduct is at once amusing and exasperating. For example, one of his first official acts of importance was to oppose the movement to reduce the number of drinking places in Washington. There are now in the city five

hundred murder-breeding barrooms, most of them conducted by saints in the flesh enrolled as members of the Catholic church. The annual revenue derived from them amounts to $300,000, not half enough to meet the cost of prosecuting those whom they incite to crime.

Last summer a measure known as the Jones-Works bill, limiting the number of saloons to three hundred and forcing those licensed under it farther away from churches, school-houses, and the courts and alleys in which thousands of negroes and foreign born residents find places of abode, went through the Senate with a whirl, the only votes openly cast against it being those of Senators Chilton, of West Virginia, and Martine, of New Jersey. It also provided for earlier closing and later opening of the barrooms and fixed the annual license at $1,500. Rudolph, loyally aided by Warrior Johnston, worked out a substitute. It proposed that there should be five hundred drinking places, each of which should pay a fee of $1,000. Theodore Roosevelt would call this a bully thing for the brewers, because it would keep the saloons up to the top notch with but a slight increase in taxation, compared with the terms set out in the Jones-Works bill, and would give the District $50,000 more of tainted money than that measure would provide.

But the substitute perished in its swaddling clothes, and the only thing left for Mr. Rudolph and his friend, Warrior Johnston, to do was to take a firm stand against the Jones-Works bill and if possible prevent its passage by the House. For six months that measure has been in the hands of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, which refuses to report it. Arrayed against it are not only the liquor men and the brewers working hand in hand with the Commissioners to compass its defeat, but the priests of the Catholic church, one of whom declared before a committee of Congress which was conducting a hearing on the bill, that thirty-two men in his parish were saloon-keepers and members of his church and that they were the equals in every respect of any like number of men to be found in the city of Washington. So much for Mr. Rudolph's first performance. Now for the next.

The dedication of the Columbus statue last summer, as everybody knows, was turned over to the Knights of Columbus. No civic society, or other religious organization took part in the ceremony, and none could have done so without taking its place at the rear of the long procession of the Pope's militia. Indeed, it is doubtful whether permission could have been obtained by any Washington organization not identified with the Catholic church to participate in the sham event, even if it had desired to do so. Rome ruled the National Capital. For two days it was in the hands of men bound together by an oath to destroy, at the Pope's command, the government of the United States should it in any way oppose "the sacred Mother Church of Rome"—a charge with respect to which, under the present administration at least, the government might enter and easily sustain the plea—"Not guilty!"

But what had Rudolph, our District Pompey, and Johnston, our pompous Crassus, and Judson, our Julius Cæsar, to do with the surrender of the city to the Knights of Columbus? Could they have arranged a simple, patriotic, non-political, non-religious celebration of the unveiling of the statue? Yes. Did they propose doing so? No. Were they asked to do so? Yes. Did they refuse? Yes. Why? Because the Catholic church impudently demanded as a right the privilege of conducting the exercises. Lacking the manly courage

to stand up for the faith they profess, the Commissioners slapped the Protestant people of the District in the face; and, I regret to say, the latter, instead of resenting the insult by remaining at home, thronged the streets and applauded the marching minions of the Pope as they stepped to the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and other sacred hymns stolen from the Protestant church and publicly sung for the purpose of tickling Protestant ears.

Is Mr. Rudolph proud of the two performances I have named? Is it in order to vindicate his course with respect to them that he wishes to be returned to the District building? If so, are the Christian people of the District proud of Rudolph? Do they believe that he was right in those two matters?

Gibbons on Divorce

James L. Melo

ABOUT twice a year we hear from Cardinal Gibbons on divorce, through the newspapers or from the pulpit. "The great American churchman" is proclaimed as voicing the American conscience and Catholic doctrine. He speaks of divorce as "a canker-worm gnawing into the very vitals of our society and commonwealth." He favors restricting the grounds for divorce and the abolishing of divorce altogether, etc. Americans read these things, admire the moral leader, Gibbons, and decry divorce as immoral. They think they understand what Gibbons says when he speaks of marriage and divorce, and he lets them think he means the same thing that they do.

As a Catholic churchman he can mean only what the Catholic church means when he speaks of marriage and divorce.

The Catholic church teaches that marriage is a contract, and that contract a sacrament, the very essence of the sacrament of marriage. As a sacrament it can be received only by those who have been baptized, that is, baptized rabidly as she would pronounce. Over the sacraments she stands guardian; she alone has the right to legislate and declare in regard to sacraments. It follows, then, that she alone can say when a marriage is a marriage, and that she cannot give this right up to any civil power, and can recognize no civil control over marriage itself. Consequently divorce is for her alone to measure and decide, and no civil law finding or judgment is accepted by her. Is this what Gibbons urges when he calls on all Americans to stamp out divorce? Does he recognize an American right over divorce, or the State's right?

Two Catholics married by a Protestant minister, etc., are pronounced by the Catholic church, and, of course, by Gibbons, not married but living in concubinage. A baptized person and an unbaptized person married without the church's dispensation, etc., are not married, but living in concubinage. Two unbaptized persons may be married, and that is called not a sacrament, but a natural marriage and indissoluble. If, however, one join the church and the other refuses, and refuses afterwards to live with the Catholic party, an annullment can be obtained and, of course, marriage fol-

low, Catholic sacramental marriage. Now while the Cardinal praises South Carolina's no-divorce law, a marriage in any of these classes having taken place in South Carolina could be submitted to him, and notwithstanding the civil law of South Carolina, he could, nay, must, allow them to marry(?) again with his sanction, even in the parlors of his house or in his Cathedral. Is this the honesty of the great moral leader? Does he think his non-Catholic countrymen understand this?

Some years ago there was a movement, in Washington, D. C., to increase the number of grounds for divorce, there being then only two. The Baptists and the Episcopalians, etc., sent protests to the commissioners of the District of Columbia. Catholics were urged to do so: the Cardinal went to Washington and urged his pastors in a meeting which he had called to protest also.

Since when could he join with the sects(?) and the civil power in legislating or administering a sacrament? And even the divorces that would be granted under the looser laws, if they fell under the classes above mentioned, would be recognized by him, and the divorcees married by Catholic marriage. Nay, more; parties may leave the civil jurisdiction of Maryland, or the District of Columbia, and go to Reno, then return to the civil jurisdiction of Maryland or the District and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Cardinal and be married by any of his clergy. When the Cardinal asks legislation on marriage and divorce, do the people and the law-makers know how much he respects such legislation? Is this playing to the gallery? Is it simple hypocrisy? Or is it Gibbonian diplomacy?

Maryland does not recognize marriage between whites and blacks. The great church of which he is a Prince(?) makes him recognize it; a negro has a soul and so is receptive of the sacrament, notwithstanding Gibbon's patriotism and "Maryland, My Maryland."

Is this the man of backbone and honesty? Would this man stand up for a friend, or face an enemy? God save us from such—God save America from such—and God save any church from such!

If the Cardinal does not or cannot approve the Catholic church's position on marriage, why does he bask in the sunlight of her honors? If he thinks it is right, why doesn't he stand up like a man and state the church's position, show its logic and be its champion? Such a stand from him and other religious leaders would clear the air, and we would have marriage well understood by the parties contracting it and by the people. We would have marriage contracts respected as other contracts are. People would and should hesitate to say "until death do us part" —but if they do say it the civil power should hold them to it. We would have honesty in marriage contracts, even though they were trial marriages, or five-year contracts.

But with Gibbons in the lead and other namby-pamby clerics following, the question is beclouded, and disgraceful seductions are practised on innocent parties while he sows the seed of the very conditions he decries.

Conditions like this are plentiful: A non-Catholic who believes in divorce for reason, either as his church or his education allow, prepares to marry a Catholic subject of Cardinal Gibbons. A dispensation(?) is granted by the Cardinal provided these promises are made: "I promise not to interfere with my wife's discharge of her religious duties; second, I promise that all the children resulting from this marriage will be raised in the Roman Catholic church." These promises are made and the Cardinal, through his delegate priest, performs the ceremony.

What about the honesty of this contract, Cardinal? If the Catholic is

bound to raise his children Catholic, what are you doing to the conscience of the Protestant party in making him forswear God's truth, as he sees it, to his children? Again, one party before you, and with your benign approval says "until death do us part," and means it, is bound in conscience by it: the other party says it, but does not mean it nor is bound by it as the first party. You approve this every day! Call it a sacrament, and then dare stand before Rome and the Catholic world and make them think you are spreading the truth as they understand it. You dare to stand before your fellow citizens and say, "I am one with you," when you know you are not, but that you are all hopelessly divided. Because of your position you are doing more to cloud the issue than any other man in America.

If a non-Catholic should go to Gibbons and say, "I was married to a Catholic under your jurisdiction, there has been desertion, or infidelity, or what not, which is under the law a just cause for divorce. I do not believe in marriage as indissoluble, do not believe it is a sacrament, the contract in all honesty and justice as far as I am concerned, is broken, can you tell me I may not in good conscience and clear character enter into another contract?" And the Cardinal must answer, "You are free." But what would his Catholic children think? Will he go on to the end straddling?

So much for his church manliness. As an American citizen, he must say to his own people and to the legislative bodies and to all religious bodies, "we cannot bring marriage before you. Church and State are separate here and marriage to us is a church matter. Catholics as Catholics, Baptists as Baptists, Episcopalians as Episcopalians have no right to ask for any special legislation. The very balance of our liberties demand that religious issues and questions be kept out of halls of Congress."

Uniform divorce laws, with all the churches taking different views of marriage are impossible. The churches call themselves the great moral forces. Divorce is a moral question. If the churches find it necessary to call in the strong arm of the State then they recognize their impotence and had better leave the field. Until the churches, Gibbons, and the rest, decide to accept civil marriage and civil divorce, and give up their exclusive right over marriage, they must keep their hands off the laws. Until they put their case clearly and honestly before the American people there had best be less lawmaking about marriage and divorce.

Where does Gibbons stand? He isn't Roman Catholic openly, and he isn't American in his regard for other people's conscience.

When he dined with President Taft did he tell the President that if he was not baptized and Mrs. Taft was, there was no marriage and their children illegitimate? Did Mr. Taft know the principle he was dining? Gibbons would not dine with Anna Gould nor with the late John J. Astor because the civil law and a large part of public opinion condemned them, but when nothing but his church laws condemn, or disapprove, and the public commends, he dines and rejoices.

It is not here a question of what Rome does, or of her principles, but it is a question of a man who is hailed as a great American, as an honest man, and who has a President and an ex-President of the United States to do him honor on the completion of fifty years in upholding religion, American principles, and honest morals!

Secret History of the Garfield-Conkling Tragedy

T. B. Connery

(CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY ISSUE.)

MR. STARIN found the banker in bed suffering from a chill, and, having been formerly in the drug business, prepared a dose of quinine with brandy, which he persuaded Morton to drink. The dose produced a good effect, and after a while Morton felt so much better that he got up and dressed himself. He was easily induced to go to the "morgue," as Conkling's lodgings at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets were significantly called by certain Republicans. The vice-president and the senior senator were there, and they lectured "our unwise friend" soundly. Conkling "orated," and Arthur denounced the acceptance of the Navy Department as ruinous to the Republican party of New York; and before they got through Morton had made up his mind to notify General Garfield that on further reflection he thought it advisable to decline, with thanks. The imperious will of Conkling triumphed completely over the banker's quite natural ambition to figure in a national cabinet, and Garfield's slate was again broken. As one looks back at the affair, it seems wonderful that Garfield should have subsequently offered Morton another position—that of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France.

Conkling declared that he would have ignored all these deliberate slights, for the sake of the party and for the success of the new administration, if the president had only kept faith with him in other and later matters. He would, he said, have supported the administration faithfully but for the nomination of William H. Robertson, his bitterest political enemy in the state of New York, to be collector of the port. That was too much—it was simply intolerable; and its withdrawal was made the sine qua non of peace.

But before proceeding to describe the negotiations about Robertson's nomination and the demand for its withdrawal, let me refer to a conversation between Garfield and Conkling forty-eight hours before Robertson's name was sent to the senate. In obedience to an invitation conveyed through Postmaster-General James, Senator Conkling visited the president at the White House, and a long conversation took place concerning New York appointments. Garfield told the senator that he was anxious to settle the whole business by recognizing both the Stalwarts and the Half Breeds, and that he was thinking of offering Robertson the post of district-attorney for New York. He believed, however, that Robertson was hardly lawyer enough to fill the position. Conkling answered that with an efficient assistant Robertson would do well enough, as assistants generally did the important part of the work of such positions. Garfield then quickly glided from the talk about the district attorneyship to the important post of collector of internal revenue, in place of General Weber. He said he was also considering whether that position would not be more suitable for Robertson. Conkling advised against Weber's removal without cause. It would offend the Germans, he said, and besides, it would be much better to take no action about any of the New York offices filled by good Repub-

licans until the terms for which they were appointed should expire. In no event, the president said, would he take any steps in the matter without consulting Senator Conkling, but he was most anxious to have the question disposed of satisfactorily to all parties, and he would be greatly obliged if he (Conkling) would confer with his colleague Senator Platt, with the vice-president, Governor Cornell and other leading New York Republicans and then prepare some "projet" that would take in the independents fairly, as well as the other branches of New York's Republican army. Senator Conkling promised to do this and left the White House in a very good humor, believing that at last a satisfactory agreement had been made with the president and that harmony would thenceforth rule.

But Blaine upset the "entente cordiale." Having heard of the proposed arrangement, he left his sick bed and hurried to the White House to protest against its execution. The result was, that within forty-eight hours of the interview between Conkling and the president the nomination of Robertson was sent to the senate. It was like a bombshell thrown into the army of the Stalwarts and proved a complete surprise to all sides, even to the Half Breeds. That the president could so easily disregard his promise to do nothing about the New York positions without consultation with the New York senators, that he could put Conkling and his friends to so much trouble as the preparation of their plans involved, for nothing, filled Conkling with indignation.

As to this strange incident, I am striving, in this article, to avoid repetition of any facts heretofore published and to confine myself to points known only to the few in the full confidence of both sides. But some things which were made public at the time of the great row must necessarily be repeated here, in order to elucidate the whole situation. Conkling saw that it was to be a struggle to preserve his own supremacy as leader of the Republican party in his State, and that he "must fight the great battle of his life." He summoned to his aid all the agencies within his control. The most potent of these were, his colleague, Senator Platt; his bosom friend, Vice-President Arthur; his faithful associate, Postmaster-General James; Governor Cornell and Richard Crowley, who had been a candidate for the United States senate at the time of Platt's election. He also appealed to what was known as the "senatorial courtesy"—an unwritten rule of the senate, favored by Democrats as well as Republicans, that no nomination offensive to a particular senator, for office in his own State, should receive confirmation. This unwritten rule was for a long time used successfully as a bar to Robertson's confirmation, and was viewed with approbation by at least two members of Garfield's cabinet—Postmaster-General James and Attorney-General McVeagh. The latter strenuously objected to the nomination and confirmation of William E. Chandler as solicitor-general, and Senator Cameron, his brother-in-law, naturally supported him. Mr. McVeagh was very outspoken in his opposition. The dispute over these two questions concerning Robertson and Chandler rose so high that the new cabinet was, more than once, on the point of breaking up. It was so high that a senatorial conciliation committee was appointed to bring about peace, and this committee went so far as to remonstrate with the president against forcing the confirmation of Robertson, and thereby perhaps disrupting the Republican party in New York.

This and much more was urged by the peace-loving senators as reasons why Garfield should reconsider the unwise step he had taken, and, though the president received the conciliators rather coldly, though he let it be known

that senators who should range themselves against him in this matter need look to him for no favor, and would require letters of introduction to him thereafter—he was nevertheless deeply impressed by the powerful opposition arrayed against him. He wavered, and in all probability would have yielded if left to himself and uninfluenced by the stronger will of Blaine. He was disposed to withdraw Robertson's nomination and offer him some other position quite as honorable and lucrative as the collectorship, though not so potent as a political lever. But, unfortunately for himself, for Conkling and for the country, this was not to be. An unseasonable telegram from Governor Cornell spoiled all the negotiations for an honorable adjustment, just at the moment when they seemed about to be crowned with success.

Postmaster - General James, who strongly sympathized with Conkling, in spite of his own unpleasant experience with "the senior senator" shortly before, was acting as special peacemaker, and was industriously working to promote harmony. He had progressed so far as to exact a promise from the president to withdraw Robertson's name. It had been no easy task, for the president's pride had been touched and he was exceedingly averse to receding from his position in the face of a sort of a respectful intimidation from the senate and arrogance on the part of Conkling. Still he wanted peace, and he was sick of the perpetual row and importunities among office seekers, and was especially desirous of solving the New York problem in some way that would satisfy the Stalwarts without compromising his own dignity as president. Mr. James suggested that Woodford's name as district attorney be withdrawn and Robertson's name substituted, or, if that were not agreeable, then offer Robertson one of the pleasant foreign appointments. The president told Mr. James that if he could manage, through Senator Platt, to "pull out" Woodford, and if Woodford would be satisfied with a foreign mission, the difficulties could be settled, and he would do all in his power to satisfy Conkling and his followers. Attorney-General McVeagh, who was present at this particular conference with the president, favored the plan proposed and can vouch for the accuracy of the statement I have just made on the subject. Mr. James, I have no doubt, will also admit its accuracy.

Passing over unnecessary details, it will suffice to record that Platt operated successfully on Woodford, who agreed to take the mission to Italy or to any other European country with a warm climate. His wife or daughter was ill at the time, and a residence in some genial, mild climate would, he hoped, conduce to the restoration of her health. The president, finding that there was an obstacle in the way of offering Italy to Woodford, decided to name him for Portugal, which was assented to by Woodford, and this plan would have been carried out, Robertson would have been made district attorney, and peace assured but for the untimely telegram from Governor Cornell. President Garfield had even requested Mr. James to go to the White House with Arthur, Platt and McVeagh, so as to have a formal agreement as soon as possible. More, even, he authorized James to assure Conkling that he stood ready to do all in his power to end the irritating dispute; and Conkling, on his side, most willingly agreed to pay his respects to the president that very night.

Postmaster-General James and Senator Platt left the Arlington Hotel together, calling for Attorney-General McVeagh on the way to Conkling's house, that all might proceed to the executive mansion as per appointment. They found Conkling waiting for them in one of his best humors, which were rather rare in those trying days. The

senator saluted them cordially and asked playfully: "How are the envoys extraordinary tonight?"

McVeagh answered for his companions that "the envoys were happy in spirits, as the conditions of peace were practically agreed upon and only a few minor points still remained to be discussed between the high contracting parties before the formal treaty could be drawn up and ratified."

"'Tis well, gentlemen," said Mr. Conkling, still in a playful mood.

All were ready to start for the White House. Mr. Conkling had donned his light overcoat and was buttoning his gloves when a messenger boy arrived with a dispatch. The senator tore open the envelope and found the message to be in cipher. He procured his code and began to translate it. The smile began to fade from his face as he read, until at length it was replaced by an angry frown. The blood surged to his head and then receded, leaving him pale and stern looking. In a moment he crushed the dispatch in his hand and threw it disdainfully in the table.

"Gentlemen, I won't go!" he exclaimed with decision. "I am no place-hunter, and I won't go!"

Arthur, Platt, James and McVeagh ceased at once their laughing conversation and regarded the senator with astonishment. Their glances plainly asked "what can be the matter now—what new development?"

The dispatch, whatever its purport, was evidently the cause of this peremptory refusal to keep the engagement with the president. But what did it contain; by whom had it been sent? Conkling volunteered no explanation—he did not even assign the dispatch as the cause of his sudden declared resolution not to go to the White House. He simply and somewhat rudely repeated his determination not to keep his appointment with the president, and though everybody present endeavored to dissuade him from such a sudden and deplorable change of attitude, which would be sure to reopen hostilities, his resolution remained unshaken.

"I am no place-hunter, and I won't go! I am no place-hunter, and I won't go!" was all he would say.

"If you will put that in writing, Senator Conkling, I will agree to make you president of the United States," said McVeagh, trying to relieve the tension by an attempted pleasantry.

But Conkling was not softened, and the two cabinet officers left, leaving the "senior senator" with Arthur and Platt.

James proceeded alone to the White House to report to the president the sudden and unexplained refusal of Conkling. He could not even apologize for the senator's extraordinary course. Disgusted and indignant, President Garfield said he had gone as far as any self-respecting man could go, seeking conciliation. He would make no further effort to placate this arrogant New York statesman.

"I must remember that I am president of the United States. I owe something to the dignity of my office and to my own self-respect, and you may say to this senator that now, rather than withdraw Robertson's nomination, I will suffer myself to be dragged by wild horses."

The president subsequently repeated this vigorous expression in conversation with other friends about Conkling's haughty rejection of his offer to compose the New York difficulties.

It was not a very opportune moment for further effort at conciliation, and yet Mr. James made the attempt. He had promised Conkling to present to the president a written protest, signed by Arthur, Platt, Conkling, and himself, against Robertson's nomination, and he kept his promise. This fact alone showed what an extraordinary personal ascendancy Conkling held over his associates. It was a species of hypnotism that made them do things bidden by the "senior senator" contrary

to their feelings—even contrary to their convictions. The protest was published at the time, but I insert it here to make my story of the controversy clearer and more complete, only explaining that it was received respectfully by the president, who promised to give it attention.

To the President: We beg leave to remonstrate against the change in the collectorship at New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when the several nominations involved in the plan were announced in the senate. We had, only two days before this, been informed from you that a change in the customs office at New York was not contemplated, and, quite ignorant of a purpose to take any action now, we had no opportunity until after the nomination to make the suggestions we now present. We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present collector and putting Mr. Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims or obligations which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
T. C. PLATT,
THOMAS L. JAMES,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

But what was the dispatch which had caused such a sudden break in the peace negotiations? Simply an urgent recommendation from Governor Cornell to Conkling to desist from further opposition to Robertson for the sake of harmony. Conkling resented it savagely, and never forgave it.

Such was substantially the story embodied in Conkling's lengthy and impassioned harangue, and at its conclusion the senator asked me whether, after hearing it, I could assure him of the "Herald's" support. Unhesitatingly I answered "yes," but I told him I must have some written memoranda of the leading points, as I would not like to depend upon my memory for exactness. Conkling hesitated, as if distrustful and unwilling to commit himself in writing. The suspicious nature of the man was revealed, and as I was the object of his unmistakable distrust, I felt indignant. I had come all the way from New York to oblige him, I had pledged my honor to him—and here he was insulting me with groundless suspicions. On the spur of the moment I told him this plainly, and had not Vice-President Arthur intervened promptly, the day's business would have had an unpleasant ending. But Arthur was quick to declare that the memoranda I required would be sent me, and so the momentary cloud was swept away. I mention this apparently trivial detail, because it has a bearing further on in this story, about Conkling's supposed "unselfishness," "devotion to friends" and "undying gratitude." I propose to paint Conkling as he really was, not as the newspapers pictured him just after his melancholy death; for if one undertakes to write a chapter of history, one must tell the truth, simply and dispassionately. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is well enough in funeral orations; it should have no place in history.

But let me conclude my statement of the facts. Not many days after my striking interview with Conkling the grand finale was executed. Platt and Conkling resigned May 14, 1881, in a long letter to Governor Cornell, and almost immediately appealed to the New York legislature to vindicate their course. They had thrown up their commissions and asked to have them restored almost simultaneously! It was a curious spectacle, yet not without its

dramatic and heroic aspect. But what were the excuses for this curious act? In Platt's case there certainly was good, solid ground to stand upon; in Conkling's, absolutely none. Platt had given a pledge in writing—said to be still in the possession of Whitelaw Reid—which would prevent him from voting against Robertson's confirmation. He found himself in a most trying dilemma between Conkling and Robertson. Unwilling to offend and break with his colleague, and yet in honor bound, if he voted at all, to vote for Robertson's confirmation, his only way out of the difficulty was resignation.

Whether, as has been stated, Conkling originally intended to withdraw from politics and devote himself thereafter to his profession, I have no means of deciding; nor can I confirm the rumors, circulated at the time, that his own private wishes were overruled in a council of some of his leading followers; and really the point is of no importance to this story. The fact was that the legislature was in session, and the prospect of re-election as a vindication must have appeared most alluring to the senior senator. There was an apparent majority on the joint ballot in his favor. The Stalwarts were in the ascendant, and I think Conkling entertained no doubt of his success, and to succeed would have been a flattering proof of his strength and of the corresponding weakness of Robertson and the Half Breeds. But Conkling was soon undeceived, and found that the men who had tied themselves to his fortunes while he was in office and power were only too glad to abandon him the moment they scented danger and began to feel the strong arm of the administration upon them. A show of devotion was kept up for a while, but the lukewarm were soon won over, and bitter defeat overwhelmed the two pleaders for re-election.

I fulfilled my pledge faithfully and to the best of my ability, supporting Conkling vigorously in the "Herald," until the superior power interfered and completely reversed the policy of the paper.

Thus I have compressed into as few words as possible a true explanation of the very curious political coup performed by Conkling and Platt when they astonished the American public by throwing up their commissions as senators. It is interesting to recall what was said concerning it at the time by some of the leading men of the country. Senator Hoar denominated it "a performance of exceeding pettiness," and said there was no excuse for abandonment of a post of duty merely because the president and senate differed with respect to the nomination for the New York custom house. "If this is the greatest effort of his life," said another senator, "it is also the greatest blunder."

"He has acted the boy and is now trying to bully the senate," another remarked. "All the Republican senators laugh at the whole business, and call it a piece of childish folly," exclaimed still another senator, who also referred reprovingly to the fact that the act of Conkling and Platt had converted a Republican majority in the senate into a minority.

A Republican editor said that the appeal for re-election was asking a Republican legislature to join in a war upon President Garfield because he would not permit Conkling to ostracize Republicans who had not seen fit to support General Grant for the presidency. The legislature was asked, the editor argued, to send out Conkling as a political privateer, armed with letters of marque and reprisal, to seize and destroy all that belonged to a Republican administration.

It is always a most ungracious task to say unpleasant things of the dead, and especially when one has been a participator, to an extent however trifling, in the crowning act of merit or

folly of the career of the person criticised. But Mr. Roscoe Conkling was a conspicuous public man, and his character belongs to the public quite as fully as his official acts. It is no more than fair, when his biographers and admirers paint him as a man wholly unselfish, devoted to friends, never forgetful of services and kind acts performed in his interest, to tell the plain truth and let him be known as he really was—not as he really was not, to-wit, an ideally pure, noble-minded and altogether superior being. I don't care to go as far as a well-known New Yorker, in a recent conversation with me, and say that Conkling had really no true friends and that he did not want them; nor will I assert, like the same gentleman, who knew the senator well, that he only desired "serfs"—slaves to his will, who would do his bidding unquestioningly. I will only state here, that in my own dealings with Roscoe Conkling, I found him unjust, ungrateful, suspicious and arrogant. Furthermore, I have not met one human being, no matter what important services he had rendered the senator, who failed to fall under the ban of his displeasure the moment any difference of opinion occurred respecting public or private matters. Conkling was self-assertive to the last degree. He could brook no opposition. To set one's views or will against his own was to incur his personal and bitter hostility. The only wonder is that a man so unhappily constituted could have maintained his ascendancy so long, even with all the intellectual qualities, which must not be denied him.

Conkling's greatness was of the kind that is extremely sensitive to ridicule in any form, though he was more prone to use it as a weapon than any other man I ever met. He never forgot or forgave people who in turn successfully used it against himself. I have never understood how any one who knew him well could continue to speak of him as a model statesman, always actuated by the loftiest motives. In the eyes of some people, Conkling was altogether a second Chevalier Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." He certainly was bold and fearless in some respects, but at times he could descend to the pettiest means to gratify spite and envy. If he possessed in any degree the virtue of gratitude, I never saw evidence of its existence.

I might cite scores of instances to show that, on the contrary, he was more likely to prove ungrateful than grateful for services rendered. This is hardly necessary. One instance will suffice—that of ex-Postmaster-General James, who was one of the most earnest, sincere and useful of Conkling's associates. He had worked hard for the senator and had been promised grateful recognition. All the world knows how splendidly James administered the New York post-office; what valuable reforms and improvements he introduced; and how the American people confidently predicted his promotion to a higher field of action. For James to be made postmaster-general was the most natural and logical outcome of distinguished services covering many years. Moreover, it was strongly suspected that the Postal Department had not been managed intelligently or honestly, and that a strong, keen man was needed to put life, energy and fidelity into all its ramifications. It was not surprising, therefore, when a vacancy occurred that President Hayes should have invited Mr. Thomas L. James to take hold of the Postal Department and reorganize it thoroughly on business principles. But few people knew of this, or of the fact that Mr. James declined the honor. Conkling was the chief of the few made aware of what was going on, and he was, in fact, the cause of the declination. Left to himself, James would gladly have accepted, but the loyalty felt by a faithful follower to his leader

impelled him to consult Senator Conkling, the resutl of which was the following letters, now published for the first time:

Washington, May 11, 1880.

My Dear Sir: Noting yours, I see you incline to the P. M. Generalship; yet I am too sincerely your friend to answer you except as I believe. My judgment is that you should not think of accepting the place. No one consideration favors it, in my opinion, and many considerations oppose it. You now hold a higher, stronger, more enviable place than you can as Mr. K.'s successor.

Such is my judgment. I will not inflict reasons on you, but give you for what it is worth an answer to the questions you ask. Sincerely yours,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

The Honorable T. L. James,
New York.

Washington, May 14, 1880.

My Dear Mr. James: Your note makes me fear that you have given undue weight to advice of mine—advice which I should not have felt at liberty to volunteer, but the wisdom of which is clear to me and to others as well.

You could not afford to accept the P. M. Generalship at the tail-end of this administration, and still less to seek it in any way or sense. Were the offer made and declined, I should be glad. That would not shorten your pleasure. But there will be a better time to take the office. This is my firm belief, and time will vindicate it, I am very sure.

But, after reading your note, I regret that you asked me, though I know you doubt neither the sincerity nor earnestness of Your friend,

ROSCOE CONKLING.

The Honorable T. L. James,
New York.

Now though Conkling thus wrote that "there will be a better time to take the P. M. Generalship than at the tail-end of this administration," and though Mr. James chivalrously sacrificed his own wishes to those of his accepted leader, what happened when the better time really came? Did Conkling show alacrity in helping James? Did he urge his appointment under Garfield? Not a bit of it. And yet if he had been the pure, unselfish statesman, eager only for the public good—as his friends claim—he would have done all in his power to secure James at the head of the Postal Department. No one knew better than Conkling that corruption existed in that department, and that James was the very man to root it out. But in the opinion of this superior statesman, an honest administration of the Post Office Department was of no consequence when it stood in the way of capturing for New York the great Treasury Department, with its enormous patronage, which would be so useful in providing lucrative and potential positions for the faithful Stalwarts. And so when, one day, Mr. James went to Conkling and told him he expected to be named as a member of Garfield's cabinet, his reward was a sneer instead of a congratulation.

"Do you expect to be secretary of the treasury?" demanded Conkling, sarcastically.

The taunt wounded James deeply, but he passed it and simply answered that he expected the Postmaster-Generalship, not the Treasury.

"The Treasury is the only place in Garfield's cabinet New York can afford to accept," Conkling replied, impatiently.

"I am not a candidate for that post," repeated James, in a calm tone, though greatly provoked by the studied rudeness of his chief. "But I am a candidate for the Postal Department, and I have come here to ask your support."

"The Treasury is the only post New York can accept," again Conkling said, more curtly and impatiently than before. It was clearly a bore to this eminently grateful statesman to be

reminded of a promise inconvenient to fulfill; a bore that any follower should seek promotion, incompatible with the private schemes of his chief. Somebody once said—I think it was Mr. Lawrence Godkin—that Roscoe Conkling was "the great American quarreler." No man ever received a title more richly deserved, for Conkling quarreled with every one with whom he ever got into close relationship, except General Grant. He quarreled with Blaine; he quarreled with Ellis H. Roberts about a small matter, though Roberts had made him senator; he quarreled with President Hayes, at whose title he chose to sneer, though he himself had been chiefly instrumental in confirming that title through the electoral commission; he quarreled with Governor Cornell because of his recommendation to confirm Robertson's nomination—he called him the "bloodless ingrate" and "the lizard on the hill;" he quarreled with Platt because Platt favored Hiscock's election as speaker, though Platt had thrown up his commission as United States senator rather than offend Conkling by voting for Robertson's confirmation; he quarreled with his great friend, Chester A. Arthur, called him the stalled ox of the White House when he became president by Garfield's assassination, because Arthur would not reopen a miserable controversy by removing Robertson from the collectorship; and he quarreled with the late Jay Gould, to whom he had been indebted for favors, because Jay Gould, who then owned the New York "World," permitted its editor to abuse him (Conkling) in its columns. Mr. Conkling had had intimate business relations with the famous "little wizard," and was not above taking a shy at speculation occasionally when a good chance offered. And at the game of speculation, as all the world knows, the friendship of the King of the Street was very convenient.

I could not better close this true story of the Garfield-Conkling spoils controversy than by relating briefly the exciting incident of the great senator's break with Platt and Jay Gould.

There is good reason to believe that Conkling was not fully posted about Platt's pledge to vote for Robertson until after the dual resignation from the senate, and I think that he knew nothing about Platt's efforts for Hiscock until after the failure for re-election at Albany. Both things combined roused the defeated stateman's ire. But he restrained it for a fitting occasion, and the occasion arrived when, one day, Conkling and Jay Gould met in front of the U. S. Express office on Broadway. It was then that Conkling took the multi-millionaire to task for the "World's" vituperative articles. Gould, as everybody knows, was a very quiet and reserved man, but he was quite able to hold his own when driven to the wall. The meeting of two such well-known characters as Conkling and Gould could hardly escape observation in a great thoroughfare like Broadway, but when such a meeting was accompanied by hot words on both sides, as was the actual case, it was little wonder a crowd soon collected. From the window of his office in the U. S. Express Building, Platt observed what was occurring, and hurried down to the street and to the rescue. He interposed pleasantly, advising the two men that if they wished to continue their discussion they could talk without having a crowd for an audience. Gould thanked Mr. Platt for his thoughtful suggestion, but Conkling resented the interference of his late colleague as an impertinence. He turned his batteries at once from Gould to Platt and let fly all the pent-up ire. At its conclusion Platt said to the millionaire:

"If you would like to come up-stairs to my office, Mr. Gould, you will be welcome. But as for you, sir (turning to Conkling), you may go to the devil!"

The Secret of the Captain's Room

Robert G. Bellah

MY turn next, gentlemen? Well, I'm agreeable. But first have fresh cigars all round—some of mine, won't you? Then, if you'll light up, I'll tell you the story of the most exciting moments of my life.

In 1886, when I was thirteen years old, my father found tnat his business required his presence during the summer months in a certain city situated on the borders between the North and the South. These terms—North and South—are of historical and not of contemporaneous interest, thank God! and I shouldn't mention them now had they not a direct bearing on my story.

The city of—A———, shall we say?—is naturally hot in summer, so the family decided that we should live in the neighboring town of B———. Accordingly, one day in May, my mother and I visited B——— for the purpose of leasing a furnished house for the three months.

B——— is along the bank of a wide river, and is quaint and picturesque, to which a touch of stateliness is added by beautiful old trees. We capitulated at once to the charm of the town.

Fortunately we soon found just the house we wanted. It stood at the end of a street, and was built partly on a little cape which jutted out into the river. On three sides a well-shaded lawn surrounded the mansion, but on the west side, which faced the river, no trees obstructed either the view or the breezes. There were flowers and fruit on the grounds, and altogether it was a most delightful summer retreat.

The owner was a Mrs. Emberwell, a widow. She was an elderly gentlewoman, courteous and considerate in a sweet, old-fashioned way, and she showed us the place with a sort of modest pride. The rent she asked was reasonable, and we agreed to take the property for the three months.

Mrs. Emberwell laid one restriction upon us.

"I must ask you," she said, in her precise way, "to promise not to disturb anything whatever about the house. My husband, Captain Emberwell, rebuilt it according to his ideas, and filled it with his inventions. I do not understand them myself, but I love them all for his sake."

Of course we promised.

"I shouldn't rent my home at all," she continued, with the garrulity of age, "but we Southerners have not much money now. I cannot afford to let it remain empty, and I must go to my niece in Charleston. She is very ill, you know."

She chattered on in this way for some time, until finally we left, well pleased with our summer residence. On June 1, 1886, we took possession.

After we had been in the house a few days, its oddities which on our first visit had attracted little attention began to impress themselves upon us. None of them, perhaps, was much in itself; it was only the aggregation which rendered them important.

The strangest thing of all was a medieval moat which extended along the west facade of the house and part way along both the north and the south sides. It was eight feet deep and four feet wide, and was built of beton, a sort of cement much in use for building material during the period immediately preceding the war.

The moat was fed by a spring through an underground pipe running to the north end, and the outlet was through another underground pipe from the south end. The water was six feet deep, and, as the supplying

spring was large, there was always a perceptible current in the moat, thus precluding the danger of water stagnating so near the house.

I was the discoverer of one peculiar thing about the moat. The surface of the water measured two feet below the top of the surrounding masonry, and the eaves of the low roof of the house were overshot, hence the water in the moat ordinarily appeared to be a black, oqaque mass. I discovered, however, that all this was changed at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun, as it sank toward the west, threw a strong bar of light between the eaves and the coping directly upon the water. For about ten minutes the beam illumined the water, then the coping gradually intervened, and the moat once more left in gloom.

For days after I had made my discovery I always managed to be on hand at three o'clock. I would lie flat on the coping and gaze eagerly down into the depths below, expecting yet dreading I knew not what. The coming of the ray wrought to my mind an odd change in the water. It seemed at such times to be immeasurably deeper than a paltry six feet, though I ascertained by soundings that nowhere was the depth greater.

Another effect the ray had was to make the moat apparently the abode of frightful monsters. Aided by its light I was sure that I saw down in those cavernous fastnesses dreadful, twisting shapes, with baleful eyes which gleamed up at me through the water. The rippling of the current made these creatures of my boyish imagination writhe still more fantastically, but also rendered their movements so life-like that finally I actually believed in their existence. Twice I dragged the moat, only to find it tenantless, of course. How could it be otherwise when the water from the spring flowed through an underground pipe and was kept absolutely free from pollution?

As I have mentioned, there were many old and handsome trees on the lawn, and it therefore may be reckoned as an oddity that the stump of a dead tree, two feet in diameter and twelve feet high, should have been allowed to remain standing on the side lawn close to the water's edge. However, the reason for its presence was made apparent to me.

Before we left that dreadful house I also learned the whys and wherefores of a dark room in the cellar. I have seen many dark places, but I really think, gentlemen, that Erebus itself might have profitably patterned its gloom after that which reigned in the room in the Emberwell's cellar.

The house, as Mrs. Emberwell had said, was filled with the Captain's inventions, all of which showed the greatest skill and knowledge. One in particular rather amused us. It was a lever which a person lying in bed could operate, thereby raising or lowering the window-sash without having to brave the chilly room. I mention it to show you what an ingenious yet odd mind the Captain must have had.

I have just described to you the concrete peculiarities of the Emberwell property; now I shall touch upon the abstract one. It was an unreasonable but nevertheless real horror which inspired each of us before we had lived there a week. I cannot describe this horror more accurately than by saying that it was a feeling of *life*—some sort of dreadful *life*. You have all entered a room immediately after another person has left it, and there still remains behind him a subtle consciousness of life. Perhaps it is the shadow which the soul casts. Anyway, such was the impression diffused by the Emberwell house. Yet it was at total variance with the actuality, for I never saw a house so devoid of mice, and birds rarely visited the surrounding trees. Even our kitten was restless throughout our entire stay. There were no supernatural creakings

of boards, however, no drafts or other phenomena to which we could trace the inception of our horror. Maybe the tales of imaginary monsters in the moat gradually impressed the family. Suffice it to say that the feeling steadily increased until we grew to hate the place, to all external appearances so ideal.

Following the usual custom of Southerners who feel their position too assured to be endangered by the exchange of social amenities with strangers, the ladies of B——— called upon my mother shortly after we were settled. From these ladies we learned many details regarding the Emberwells, not in the least in the way of gossip, but merely as a matter of local interest.

Captain Emberwell came of an old family in whose ancestral home we now lived. He was a rabid Southern sympathizer, and so soon as war became a certainty he announced that he would fit out a privateerman. But first, somewhat to the surprise of B———, he surrounded his property with a high fence, refused to permit anybody to enter, and commenced some building operations. His inventive genius was well known, and most people thought he was perfecting a deadly devise for use against the North. Mrs. Emberwell was away at the time, and his only assistant was an uncommunicative old negro servant. However, in the turmoil of those times, the Captain's actions excited little attention; but early in 1861 the fence was removed and the town, with amazement, viewed the moat and some other innovations. Mrs. Emberwell, upon her return, was equally astonished; but in reply to her inquiries the Captain would chuckle and say:

"Moats used to save people in the old days; why not now?"

Then he fitted out his ship and commenced the career which for a time threatened to parallel that of the "Alabama." Several times he visited his home, but such visits were always dangerous, owing to the vigilance of the Union officials. You must remember, gentlemen, that B———, though strongly Southern in sympathy, was not in the zone of secession.

Then came the capture of the Captain's ship, its sinking, and his imprisonment. At the end of two years he escaped and returned to B——— during his wife's absence. The Union men were closely pursuing him, but nevertheless he remained about the place for two days. Then he disappeared and has never been heard of since. Whether he was killed accidentally or was captured and died in prison has never been learned.

Most of his investments were in the South, and his widow consequently found herself in straightened circumstances after the war, and unable to finance extensive investigations.

Such was the gist of the information we gleaned regarding Captain Emberwell. Now, gentlemen, after this preamble the importance of which will justify its length, I trust, I shall proceed to the recounting of my dreadful adventure which occurred on August 31, the last day of our stay.

After luncheon it fell to my lot to catch our kitten and fasten her into the basket in which she was to travel. When she saw me approaching, however, she darted down the cellar stairs and into the dark room, and I followed her. In the most remote corner she turned at bay and backed against a wall. Then occurred the first of the curious events which succeeded each other so rapidly. The kitten apparently melted through the solid foundations of the house. In the impenetrable darkness I had been groping my way toward the glint of her eyes, and I was close to her when she disappeared. By running my hand over the foundation wall I found the hole through which she had passed. It seemed to be covered with shreds of canvas which moved in a slight current of air. A second after

the sound of a fall and a wail from the kitten came faintly to me from the hole.

Fired with curiosity and apprehensive for the kitten's safety, I hurried back upstairs, got candles and matches and returned to the dark room. I lighted a candle and then began the investigation of the opening. It was a small one, scarcely four inches across. The canvas which had covered it and much of the surrounding wall was painted to resemble stone, and by the candlelight I could not distinguish the real from the counterfeit until I had torn off the remains of the canvas. In doing so I noticed that it was decayed, which accounted for the kitten's passage through it.

The stone behind the canvas was seemingly a solid portion of the foundation, but I suspected that such was not the case. I therefore stopped over, slipped my hand into the small hole, curved my fingers around a ridge in the stone and pulled. At first the stone held; then, with much ponderous creaking, a section of the wall swung toward me on invisible hinges. I raised the candle and saw behind the stone door a horizontal passage extending into the blackness.

Of course I entered it. Who wouldn't? It was built of beton, the same material which composed the sides of the moat, and it was about four feet in height, with an arched roof. I had not gone far when the current of air extinguished the candle flame, and at my next step, taken in the dark, my head collided with some obstruction. Instinctively I threw up my hand, which came in contact with a pipe stretching across the passage near the roof. I knew at once that it carried the water from the spring to the north end of the moat. Attached to it was a small handle which, without thinking, I turned.

Instantly, from the black void beyond me, sounded the rattle and clanking of machinery in motion. I thought of the Captain's inventions, and with fear in my heart I listened to the noise, which, however, seemed to be some distance away.

Meanwhile the kitten had been wailing, but she redoubled her cries when the machinery whirred, so I hurried to her rescue, first having relighted the candle. Shortly afterward I came to a sheer drop of ten feet in the passage which I had expected since I heard the kitten fall. There were staples at intervals in the shaft, however, so I experienced little difficulty in climbing down. If I had had no light or had been careless, I should have fallen like the kitten and might have broken my neck. The builder of the passage evidently intended some such catastrophe to happen to an intruder.

The kitten was uninjured but too terrified to make any resistance, so, leaving the flickering candle in a sheltered spot, I carried the kitten to the upper passage and sent her scurrying back into the cellar. A moment later I heard a ponderous thud, which I knew meant the closing of the stone door, but I didn't give it a second thought, as I was burning with the fires of exploration and was determined to probe all the secrets of the underground path, especially as the clanking had now stopped.

I descended the staples once more, raised my candle, and started along a passage which extended from the foot of the shaft. This lower passage was also four feet high, but was inclined upwards at a considerable angle. I climbed the ascent, keeping my candle lighted, and finally reached a point where the passage divided into three spurs. Two of them were short and ended in some ventilating apparatus, as a current of air blew from each of them and of course extinguished my light.

The third and largest spur, though it extended at right angles with the ascending passage, was plainly the main one. At the end of it there was a peculiar glow which dimly illumined

the darkness, and which I determined to investigate. Upon doing so I found a small opening in the floor through which the dull light came, as did also the sound of falling water.

I leaned over and looked down into the strangest of rooms. Never, before nor since, have I been inspired with such abhorrence as I was with that room. Even now my flesh creeps with the same old loathing. Perhaps my fears were aroused by the fifteen foot well, set in the floor and yawning directly under the opening through which I was looking. Perhaps it was the room's wierd lighting, ever shifting, ever changing, in a way which sent the grotesque ghosts of shadows scuttling across the floor. Anyway, be the cause what it may, the horror was there.

Then I laid myself down at full length upon the floor of the passage to get a better view of the dreadful room beneath. After that one look I intended to return immediately to the cellar and cease my explorations.

Hardly had I stretched myself flat, however, before it dawned upon me that I had done precisely the one thing which the diabolical inventor of the maze wanted an intruder to do; but before I could move I realized that I was already in the clutches of a deadly device. The whole floor of the passage turned slowly on a pivot. My feet rose and my head sank. I grasped at the sides of the passage, but they were too smooth to furnish a finger-hold. I tried to turn and thus gain the upper part of the passage beyond the fulcrum; but the slide was too narrow. Fortunately it sank gradually, thus giving me time to think.

You see, gentlemen, if I had possessed a man's weight, the slide would have fallen rapidly, and I should surely have slipped head first into the well and been drowned. However, as I was only a boy, my weight was insufficient to operate the slide with the speed intended by the builder, who had reckoned on the intruder's being a man of average weight.

The sound of water falling into the well below me quickened my faculties, and a plan of escape occurred to me. The well, you must remember, was fifteen feet in diameter, and I was poised over the very center of it. The slide by this time had sunk below the narrow sides of the passage, and I had plenty of space in which to maneuver.

Scarcely daring to breathe lest any added movement, however slight, should precipitate me downwards, I yet managed to twist myself around until I sat on the end of the slide. Grasping its sides, I gently moved up and down as one does on a spring-board, trusting to the response of the weights back in the passage. Then, when I had as much impetus as I felt I could safely risk, I made a wild leap for the edge of the well.

For an instant my toes caught on the coping and then slipped in, but the momentum of my body was such that I managed to fall, bruised and shaken but safe, beyond that hideous gulf. The slide, relieved of my weight, settled instantly back into place. Of course it could easily have been controlled by one who knew the secret, and was undoubtedly the inventor's means of ingress to this secret chamber.

I lay for a second in a state of dazed reaction which succeeded the danger I had undergone! then I arose unsteadily and looked about me. The room was some forty feet long, thirty wide and ten high, and the walls, roof and floor were built of the beton. The opening of the well occupied much of the floor space, and the moisture rising therefrom diffused an atmosphere of penetrating dampness. As I have already said, there came also from this opening the sound of falling water, which added another mournful note to the already sufficiently eery horror of the place. I judged that the outlet from the moat led to the well through the second

underground pipe, the mouth of which was some distance above the surface of the water.

This leads me to a description of the ingenious lighting of the room, which, it seems, extended under the moat and part of the way under the house. The floor of the moat, which was also the roof of the room, had been formed in two places of pieces of some sort of transparent material, each eight by three feet in size. The material did not seem to be glass, but was more like crystal or syenite. It was imbedded immovably in the surrounding masonry of the beton, which precluded any leakage of the water flowing above. I had now learned the secret of the moat and understood why the water had always given the impression of vast depth. The pieces of crystal were each supported by pillars of beton, and another row of pillars beyond upheld the foundation wall of the house. The light shifting through the water and the crystal gave an air of twilight dimness to the room; and the eddies of the current in the moat above and the floating by of twigs and leaves caused the gyrations of the weird, uncouth shadows which I had noticed.

I can never quite forget the feeling which possessed me when I gazed up at the shimmering water overhead. The odd sensation of being out of my element, the effect of the grotesque, shapeless shadows playing about me in the ghostly gloom, and the general fearfulness of this underground, under-water room, with its hideous well and heaps of debris filling every nook and cranny, all combined to weigh me down with their horror.

My thoughts were concentrated on escape—escape! Despairingly I glanced towards the ceiling at the faint outline of the slide, poised over the well and operated by some unseen machinery. I might as soon hope to depart by it as to swim up through the crystal and the moat. Then, with a growing fear, I began to search for an exit.

I passed behind the second row of pillars and there discerned a table and a chair. I started toward them and my foot struck against something which moved and rattled. To my terror I saw that it was a skeleton, with pieces of dreadful, mouldy garments still draping it, and nearby was the gibbering skull, one eye of which seemed alive. The next moment the impression passed, but I could have sworn that the skull had moved. I was shaking with fright, but I still continued the search.

On the table I found writing materials and a paper which I carried to the light, hoping it contained directions to guide my escape. It was yellow and mildewed, but the faint writing on it was legible. As near as I can remember, this is what I read:

"September 5, 1864.

"I, Henry Emberwell, late Captain Confederate cruiser 'Virginia,' am dying, and I write these words to show my fate, if ever this room be entered; but it never will, as none knew the secret except my nigger Cummings, who died in prison.

"I escaped from Fortress Monroe six days ago, and returned here. My wife was absent, so I—

"The faintness grows on me. I can scarcely write. My agony—dreadful.

"I am better now. My house was watched. I came to this room to wait until night. I thought I was safe. My devices. The precipice near the dark room. The incline to the well. The engine of death

"Cummings must have put his pets here. He disobeyed me. If I had known I'd have flayed him for it. I tried to drive them out, but they had young. They turned on me. Scores when the ray came. I am dying—. No hope. God! The agony! My veins on fire—"

Here the writing ended in splashes of ink, but it had explained in part the mystery of the Captain's disappearance.

Suddenly, as I stood there holding the message from the past, I was struck afresh with the grewsomeness of the room. What did he mean by the "engine of death?" What was the ray which came? Pets! They had attacked him! What were they?

Abject terror possessed me. I covered my face with my hands, and waves of shuddering fear crept like drops of ice along my spine. All the old consciousness of the presence of loathsome life recurred to me with treble strength. What namelss monsters threatened me? The pets! The pets! Even through my hands and closed lids I could feel dreadful eyes gleaming upon me from every direction. Finally something impelled me to drop my hands, and at the sight disclosed my terror was changed into astonishment, for the room was suffused with a bright light! I looked up, amazed, and realized what had happened. It was three o'clock and the ray of the sun had come. The Captain's ray! It had traversed the water and the crystal and now gave a soft radiance to the underground room, besides throwing on the floor patches of concentrated warmth.

Then, while I gazed, the mystery of the vile life we had all distinctly felt was solved. From all sides, from under the debris, up out of the well, crawled dozens of hideous, glistening snakes—deadly, diamond-back rattlers—with little wicked eyes and darting, forked tongues. I shrank back appalled, but they ignored me as they glided by to bask on the warm spots beneath the crystal.

I cast a despairing glance around to see whether there were no possible means of escape, and then, in the wall opposite the end of the slide, I saw a ledge, several feet from the floor, with a ladder against it. Both had eluded my notice in the gloom before the ray came.

I retreated slowly towards the ledge, avoiding the writhing reptiles as best I could, and was about to ascend the ladder when I accidentally stepped on a snake. Instantly the warning rattle sounded, and was answered from every corner of the room. Oh, the terror that rattle inspires! The snakes darted towards me, hissing in rage; then they coiled for their deadly springs.

Quickly I mounted the ladder and turned to throw it down, but I was too late. The snakes had followed me and now coiled again. Before I could retreat through the passage leading from the ledge they struck again and again, in some miraculous way not biting me, though I could hear the spattering or the poison about me.

Shielding myself as much as possible, I walked backwards, when suddenly my head struck and turned a handle on the outlet pipe like the one on the inlet pipe near the dark room. Then, directly in front of me, from either side of the passage, burst the "engine of death" of which the Captain had spoken. It was composed of wheels of sharp knives which revolved in grooves with frightful velocity and which made the clanking noise I had heard when I turned the handle on the first pipe. The knives fell upon the hissing serpents and cut and slashed them. It was dreadful to hear the swish of the steel as it sliced through the writhing flesh.

Blood spattered the entire vicinity, and I slipped on some of it. In falling, my hand touched the tail of a huge rattler, and I felt the pain of the bite and the wet of the poison. Then he coiled tightly around my ankle and clung there; but I was past heeding him. I gained my feet and rushed blindly along the passage. I staggered up a flight of steps, forced up a heavy trapdoor, and realized that I was in the

hollow trunk of a tree. I pushed aside some undergrowth and found I had emerged through the dead stump upon the lawn. Such was the reason for its having been left undisturbed.

Then my overstrained nerves succumbed, and I fell senseless. My father saw me, ran to me, and found the snake knotted around my ankle, so he guessed what had happened and summoned a doctor. Well, gentlemen—not to spin my narrative out too far—of course I hadn't been bitten. It seems the "engine of death" had decapitated the snake, and when I fell I had touched the remaining part. Now a snake's nervous mechanism for striking is situated in its spine, so even a headless reptile will still strike if its tail be grasped. A jagged piece of cartilage had cut my hand and the blood had wetted it.

There is little more to tell. I was revived after awhile, and was shortly none the worse for my adventure. It was decided that on the next day we should communicate to Mrs. Emberwell the details of the finding of her husband's skeleton and the presence of the secret room and the den of snakes, which naturally must be destroyed.

But fate intervened that night in the guise of the Charleston earthquake. As B——— generally was uninjured, I now come to what is perhaps the strangest part of my narrative. During the seismic disturbance the Emberwell house shook and groaned in a most terrifying manner. There was a sound of rending and crashing beneath us, with muffled detonations, and we rushed out to seek safety in some open space.

After the excitement and alarm had somewhat subsided, and we had returned to the house, an amazing scene confronted us. The entire cape had melted away into the river!

Evidently it had been undermined and the earthquake shock was just sufficient to dislodge it. The house was left secure on its ancient foundations, however, but the moat, the secret room and its ingenious sentinels, together with the snakes and the Captain's skeleton, had gone down in one complete ruin.

Shortly after, from the stricken city of Charleston, came the news that Mrs. Emberwell had been killed there by the collapse of a building, so she never knew her husband's fate.

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SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly answer the following questions in the Educational Department of your Magazine?

(1) Was this nation really justified in declaring war against Spain in 1898? I have met people in this country who differ in their opinion in regard to this question. What is your opinion?

(2) What were the practical results of that war?

(3) If it had been proved that the blowing up of the Maine was the result of an internal explosion, what would have been the duty of this country in regard to Spain?

(4) What do you consider the most impartial book on the Spanish-American war?

(5) In view of what has been done with Cuba and Hawaii, and of what is being done with the Philippines, what would be your recommendation in regard to a change of government in Porto Rico?

Yours truly, R. A. SOTO.

Urbana, Ill.

Answer.

(1) It was not. Nobody can prove that Spain had given us what, by the Law of Nations, is recognized as a cause of war.

Even the blowing up of The Maine cannot be traced to Spain by any evidence that would satisfy a traverse jury. Admit, if you will, that Spaniards blew up the ship, the act cannot be imputed to the Spanish government.

(2) The practical results of that war were most deplorable.

It has cost us huge sums of money, and much loss of life.

It has enormously lengthened our frontier-line, and to that extent made it harder and more expensive to defend.

It has made us morally responsible for the mongrel control of Cuba, where the negroes and the mulattoes are in the majority.

It has saddled us with the maintenance of Roman Catholic supremacy in the Philippine Islands, where we found the natives up in arms against Popery.

We accepted the Filipino rebels as our allies against Spain; and then, after we had whipped poor old Pope-ridden Spain, we flung off the Filipino rebels, and whipped them back into subjection to the Pope.

So far as I can see, Pappy is the real beneficiary of the Spanish-American War.

Our troops and civilians are supported in the Islands, right now, for the glory and the profit of the Papa at Rome.

You have to rise quite early in the forenoon, if you get ahead of Papa.

(3) I don't know.

Of course, if we had had it our power to call back to life all the soldiers that have been killed, and to idemnify Spain for the money she had spent, we might have come within hailing distance of reparation for damages done.

(4) Haven't had the inclination to peruse any of them.

What I remember about the war, is enough for me.

(5) Respectfully passed up to our new Secretary of State.

What he doesn't know upon that subject, and upon all others, is purely negligible, if not undiscoverable. T. E. W.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY DID NOT MAKE ANY SUCH ATTEMPT.

Hon. T. E. Watson: I read in Everybody's Magazine, an article or, an advertisement, by Wanamaker, in which he stated that the Confederacy made an attempt at burning New York City, by which he tried to justify the Yankees in burning so many Southern towns. Is there any truth in same? Please answer through educational department of your Magazine. Respectfully,

Hampshire, Tenn. D. M. DELK.

Answer:

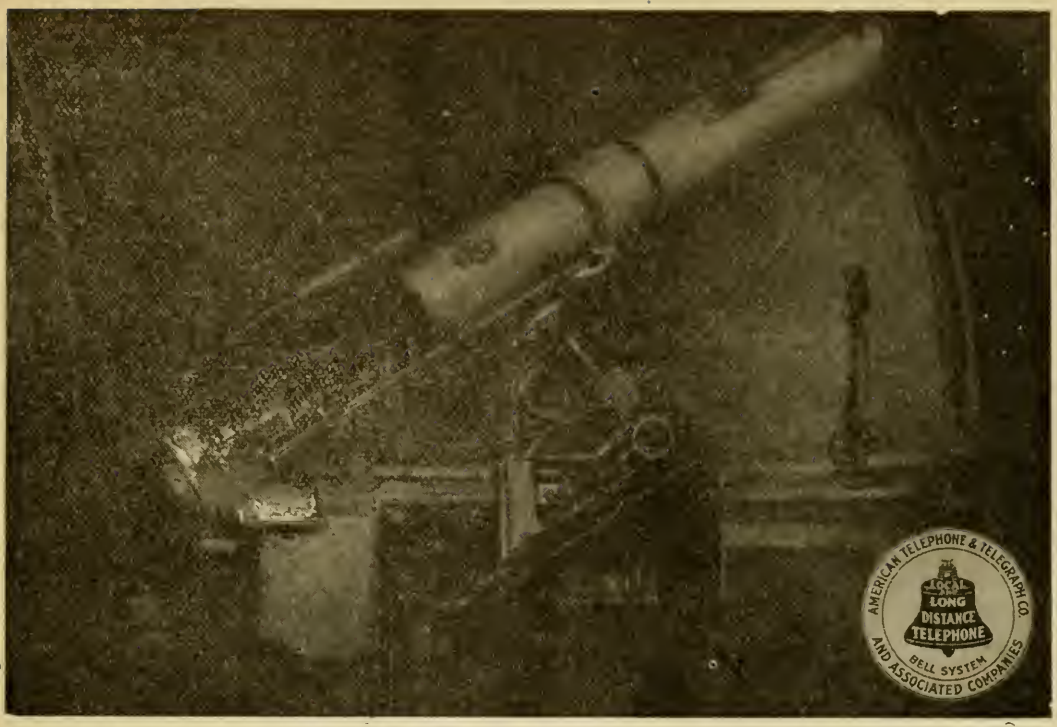
None of the standard historians of the War contenance the accusation above mentioned.

Consult the voluminous works of James Ford Rhodes, Woodrow Wilson, Eggleston, etc.

The best story of the Civil War is that by Guy Carlton Lee, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. T. E. W.

RHODE ISLAND ALSO FEELS ROMISH DOMINANCE.

Mr. Watson: The K. C. have me spotted here. I'm in the U. S. service, and I see how things have been going lately—most all promotions made are Catholics. My patriotism is on fire! I'm an Odd Fellow,



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Spanish-American war veteran, Christian (thank God) and one of the old line Tennessee-Missouri American stock. A black devil of an assassin in policeman's uniform was sneaking behind me here the other night. Jesus, or something, made me face about and meet him face to face—the black, hideous assassin devil of a K. C. in policeman's uniform! I will take no more risks after night, for then is when the devils roam at large; they will never face you in the open. I will distribute "Menaces" through the I. O. O. F. just the same. I'm here to fight until I'm put under the sod. They almost got me; but if God is for us, who can be against us? Three men like me can bluff 1,000 of the traitor devils in the open! Get me a six-months furlough, and I will go into their strongholds and tell them what I saw in the Philippine Islands from 1898 to 1903. An old Filipino man in his shirt tail and bare feet, told me in broken Spanish in 1898 in Manila, that he personally knew nine Filipino girls, that one of the bull-necked, wine and gin guzzlers of Spanish priests had seduced! I have seen, and know too much, so they want to get me out of the way. But, thank Jesus, they can't; He will guide me if I trust Him, all the time, the same as last Thursday night, February 6, 1913. J. M.

Fort Adams, R. I.

THE NEGRO AT THE NORTH.

Mr. Thomas Watson: I am a reader of your **Watson's Magazine**. In your January issue I read of the negro of the U. S. We have more than our share, or more than we want and more coming all the time from the Sunny South. They seem to make the atmosphere heavy here. They seem to have an easy thing of it here. Very few of them do any hard labor here in Chicago. We have three classes of them here—laborers, politicians and pimps. The most of them are pimps. These pimps live off the white women of the streets. Some of the blacks have as many as eight women. One big buck on the West Side, called Big Charley, had nine of them and all of them white women. This is a disgrace to the white race. Some of the black pimps wear diamonds as big as goose eggs.

Most of the blacks live on the South Side, still quite a number live on the West Side, and a few on the North Side. Wherever they live the atmosphere is heavy. For instance, on Sundays I have seen them as thick as bees on State street. I thought I was in Africa. And these negroes are in no hurry to get out of your way, either—very sassy and fresh. Give him an inch and they will take a foot. Some time ago a fifteen-year-old epileptic girl married a forty-two-year-old negro in Niles, Mich., both of Chicago. The girl, Helen Hansos, is a daughter of a small groceryman on Wentworth avenue. Cases like this happen very often here. Most of them do not marry at all, but just live together. For instance, Jack Johnston, "de champion of all de worl," as he calls himself, boasted that he could have any white woman he wanted. When his saloon was running full blast I have seen young white girls not over fourteen years old stay there after midnight up over the saloon. The

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place was never raided because Johnson had a big pull with old Tierney, Hinkey and Coughlin, and Harrison.

This man Kenna has a negro attorney and is known as the boss of the underworld. If it were not for low classed saloons, barrel house bums, pimps and hold-up men, Kenna would never been elected. Anything goes in Chicago as long as you are willing to come across with the dough, no matter if you are white or black or yellow. Well, some more of our beloved colored race. Some time ago a big buck negro attacked a six-year-old white girl on the South Side, dragged her in an alley but her screams were heard by a policeman and the brute was locked up. The judge gave him ten days. He should have given him ten years. A few years ago a black attacked a seventeen-year-old white girl and was arrested and tried before Judge Scoville and was discharged because he was drunk—a very poor excuse. Some time ago a black stabbed a white man in the neck four times and was tried before Judge Crow and fined $50 and costs. I know of a number of cases like this one. The negroes of Chicago have more and better chances than a good many of the whites have, and still a howl goes up, "Give the negro a chance!"

CHICAGO WHITE MAN.

WHY WIRZ?

Watson's Magazine takes no pleasure in reviving the bitter memories of the Civil War period, but when Northern newspapers give space and prominence to Andersonville charges, indicting the South for conditions which she was unable to relieve, we must be pardoned if we "scratch back" a little.

In the New York World we find the following:

WHY WIRZ?

To the Editor of The World: In the issue of The World of June 15th appeared a letter from Adolphus Ragan, which is a pretended answer to the editorial in The World, "Why Wirz?"

No wonder The World asks that question. I was an inmate of that hell-hole from June 1 to October 1, 1864, and think I know something of the conditions in the prison. The description of Andersonville by James G. Blaine, quoted by Mr. Ragan, is none too strong. Tongue can never tell and pen can never write a true story of the terrible sufferings by our boys in that and other prisons of the South.

Now let me ask why erect the monument at Andersonville, almost at the feet of the 13,727 dead who lie buried there? If they were bound to erect the monument it should have been erected in his native town or in Richmond. I understand the authorities of the latter place refused to entertain the project.

SYLVESTER O. LORD,
Late Corporal Co. D, 11th Conn. Vols.
Southington, Conn., July 28th.

We might say much by way of reply to this, specifying as the cause of Andersonville horrors the exhaustion of Southern resources, the refusal of the North to exchange prisoners, the making of medicine contraband of war; and we might dwell upon the statistics which prove that the percentage of mortality was greatest in the Northern prisons. But since Corporal Sylvester, O Lord! has gone upon the witness stand to relate his actual experience in the Andersonville hell-hole, **Watson's Magazine** will introduce a witness for the other side. Thos. H. Timmons, now resides in Thomson, Ga. He is a minister of the gospel, a Methodist by faith, and a gentleman who is esteemed by all who know him.

He was Lieutenant in Company C, 56th Georgia Regiment (Volunteers), Cummings' Brigade. He was captured on the line of battle at Baker's Creek, Mississippi, May 16, 1863, and landed at Fort Delaware, as a prisoner, about the first of June, 1863.

"When I first arrived at that horrible place," said Mr. Timmons, "and looked upon the attenuated forms and hollow eyes of the men who had been there for several months, my heart sank within me. The prisoners were poorly quartered—jammed in like cattle or hogs. The guards seemed to have been selected for their superciliousness, and they appeared to be afraid of the unarmed Confederates, although every man of us manifested his Southern chivalrous spirit, and showed no disposition to disobey even the most rigid orders of the officers in command. The great guns from the fort were pointed to the prison, and frowned down upon us incessantly. It was said that, had there been any demonstration or unusual excitement among the prisoners, the heavy guns would have been turned loose upon these helpless men, sweeping them from the face of the earth.

"We were not only poorly quartered, but poorly fed; had but little medical attention, and in most instances none at all. The privies were built over the bay, some distance from the shore, and a passage or bridge extended out to these houses, where men were going and coming from dawn till dark and from dark till dawn. The water for culinary purposes was dipped out from a point near the closets and carried to the long mess-hall, where the cooking was done. I have seen the cooks, with their ladles, skim off the alvine matter and throw it out. Such things have happened before, as shown if you read II. Kings, chapter 18, verse 27; or Isiah, chapter 36, verse 12.

"Our food consisted of poor beef, or bulk meat ,and beans, and was made into a kind of soup, which we called 'slop.'

"There was scarcely a well man among us. The sickness was diarrhoea and dysentery, and the death rate was appalling. There were about 4,000 or 5,000 prisoners, and I was told that there were thirty deaths a day.

"The sufferings of these men in this death-hole can never be told. I was in fine health when I first arrived at the fort, but soon contracted the disease that was proving so fatal. When almost in despair, orders came one morning to parole 1,500 men on the north side of the enclosure. They were to be released in alphabetical order, according to date of capture, and as my name began with a 'T' I had but little hope of being reached by the officer. However, my name was called, and the next day we were placed aboard the steamer 'Daniel Webster' and sent through to City Point, on the James River. When I found myself on Dixie soil, I was more joyous than ever I was after a bloody and victorious battle."

Mr. Timmons' has an article in this issue of Watson's Magazine, relating in part his prison experiences.

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Too much peace and piety would spoil any long narrative.

We **must** hear the bugle blow; we **must** hear the dance of the drums; we **must** hear the tread of armed men.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!"

That refrain must be there, or we yawn, sooner or later, and go out to kill something.

At least that's the way we flesh-eating Teutons do. If we lived on rice, artichokes, confetti, and fruit, it might be different.

As it is, we exist by devouring hogs, sheep, goats, cows, horses, bears, antelopes, moose, 'possums, terrapins, turtles, &c:—and these we wash down with copious draughts of beer, near-beer, wine, near wine, whiskey, near whiskey and other blood-curdling tipple, with the general result that our blood is warm, our temperaments excitable, and our nerves ready for anything.

Our heroes have all been fighters. When one of our great men is so good that he won't fight, we elevate him beyond our purely human sympathies, and anchor our purely human affection's upon some less supernatural mortal who **will** fight.

Thus the North admired Sumner, Phillips and Garrison, who were strictly noncombatants, but loved Grant, Sheridan and Lincoln who believed in fighting.

All Americans of the right sort reverence Thomas Jefferson, who never was profane or belligerent—save with pen and ink; the same Americans love Andrew Jackson, because he was always ready to flame up into a natural outburst of passion, blow off in hot words, **and fight.**

Just as Desdemona was fascinated by the war-stories of Othello, the average person of today is held by a military narrative, given from actual experience.

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I have known Captain Herman personally, for 30 years. For the whole of that period, he has been my stout opponent in politics. Nevertheless, it gives me pleasure to commend his book in the highest terms, to those who wish to read a simple, unvarnished story of a brave soldier's service in the ranks of the Confederate Army.

Want of space forbids the mention of but one incident in Captain Herman's book—an incident so strange that, had it been mentioned in a novel would have been rejected as incredible fiction.

After the War was over, Captain Herman went to Claflin's, in New York, to buy a stock of dry goods.

He was turned over to a clerk, who inquired—

"Where are you from?"

"From Georgia."

"Damn Georgia!" exclaimed the clerk, whereupon the Captain raised his bristles.

But the clerk quickly explained that he had been in prison at Andersonville, where he had suffered.

After his release, and while he was on his way home, the train stopped at Davisboro, on the Central Railroad.

This Union soldier, McClucklan, was about to starve; and as a last resource, he gave the Masonic words of distress.

It was a dark night, and McClucklan almost despaired of relief. But soon afterwards a good supply of ham and biscuits was placed in his hands, by some unknown brother-Mason.

Now, remember!

McClucklan was telling this to Herman, in 1868, in the City of New York, not having the remotest idea who it was that had saved him from starvation, in Georgia, during the War.

After McClucklan had finished his story, Captain Herman said—

"The ham and biscuits were wrapped in a home-made napkin with blue borders."

"So it was!" said McClucklan, astonished: "What do you know about it?"

"I am the fellow," answered Herman.

What followed makes one think better of human nature:

"The man was beside himself. He hugged me, tears ran down his cheeks; he acted like a crazy fellow. He said: "You can't buy any goods here today: You are my guest!"

McClucklan ran to his employer, got off for the day, took possession of the Captain, hired a carriage, drove his guest all over the City, dined him at a restaurant in lavish style, spent money on him freely, and gave him a bully good time.

After which he sold to the Captain "a very decent stock of merchandise," for the small capital the ex-Confed. had been able to carry to New York. T. E. W.

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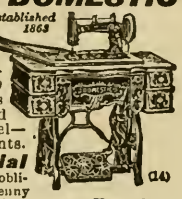

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The Author is J. C. BUEHRER, Ph.D.

The Title of the Work is "EXTRACTS FROM THE MORAL THEOLOGY OF SAINT ALPHONSUS LIGUORI"

Sanctioned by Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII. for the Use of the Roman Catholic Church

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